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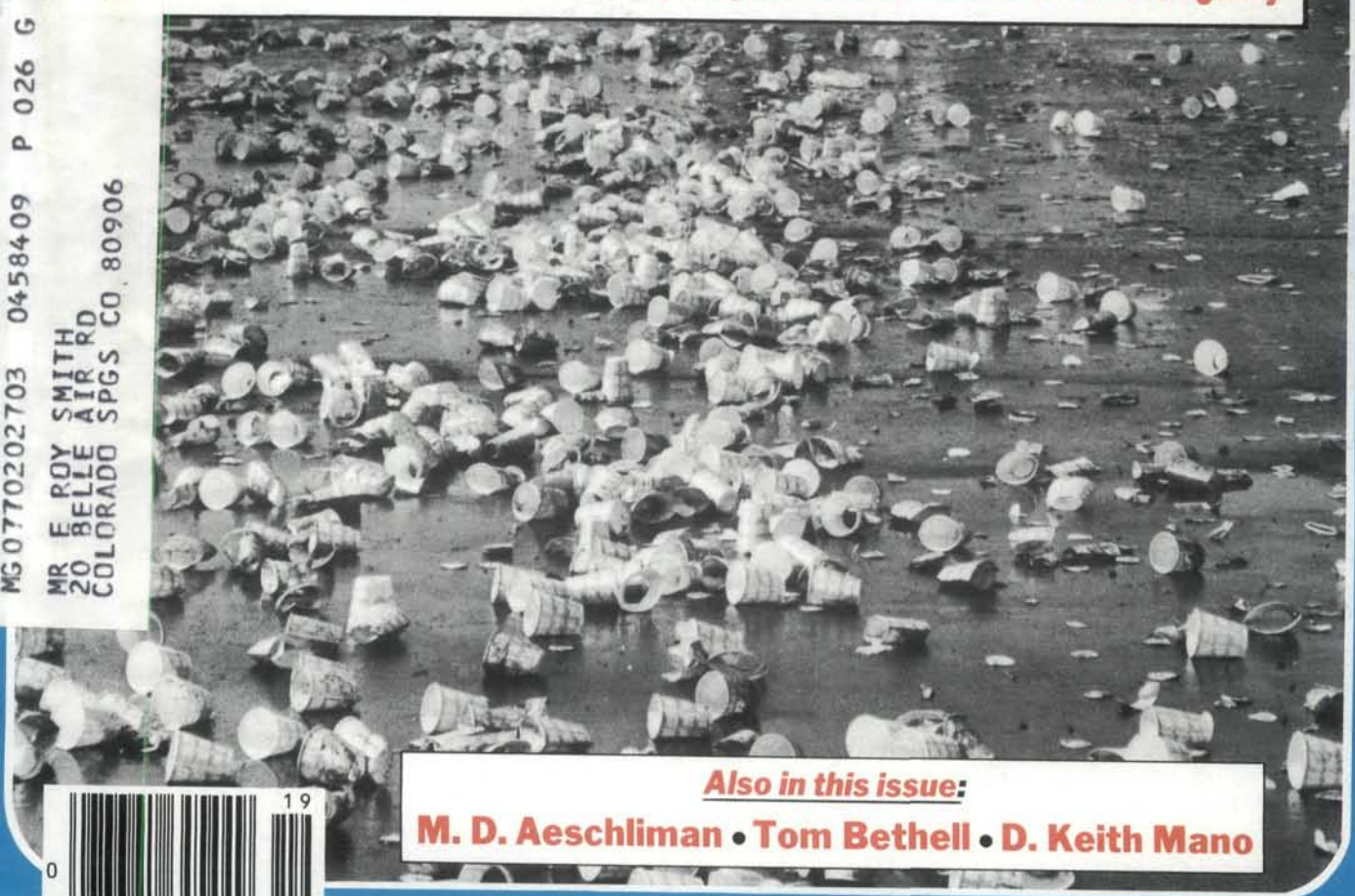
Victor Gold:
Hymie's Son Answers
Jesse Jackson —See page 28

NATIONAL REVIEW

THE MIND OF JUSTICE BRENNAN

A 25-Year Tribute

by Stephen J. Markman & Alfred S. Regnery



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Finally, we should appreciate and respect America's dedicated men and women in uniform, for they are the ones who must serve as the ultimate deterrent to any aggressor.

Lockheed

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LETTERS

Bent Backward

Harvey Mansfield has it dead right ["The Underhandedness of Affirmative Action," May 4]. "Even if justice were secured by such means, the result would not be compatible with the dignity or pride of free citizens." Dignity and pride—do either of those terms ever cross the minds of today's egregious moralizers?

The mentality of affirmative action burst forth, in all its suppurating obnoxiousness, several years ago in the scandal over "Jimmy's World"—editors, publishers, and prize judges all bending over backward to defer to Janet Cooke's blackness, only to discover that her blackness had been tooled to conform to their expectations. But that was a single instance. It is refreshing to see the principles behind such demeaning behavior laid out as they are in Mansfield's essay.

Solomon Gerhardie
Bayonet Point, Fla.

Urgent Reading

Having recently returned from Grenada, I have been catching up with past copies of *NR*, and would like to concur with a correspondent in your "Letters" columns [Feb. 10], Harold Snider, concerning the composition of the U.S. Rapid Deployment Force in Operation Urgent Fury on that island last October. I have written about this at more length in *Army Times* and the (Fort Bragg) *Paraglide*, and Mr. Snider is correct, the 82nd Airborne, commanded by Major-General Jack Farris, was a superb body of men (and women) who bore the brunt of that operation and left a legacy of such good will behind them that there are still spontaneous demonstrations for retention of a U.S. force there.

Yet I have to add a depressing footnote to Mr. Snider's correction. The 82nd's splendid intelligence efforts in capturing and analyzing the treasure trove of Communist documents are not being followed up by our embassy personnel on the island. The excellent USIS publication *Grenada: A Preliminary Report*, built upon what the 82nd found at some risk, is the most sought-after reading matter on the island today, but there was not a copy available at the Ross Point embassy when I left. A couldn't-care-less official there informed me that someone in the State Department had erroneously sent them all to Africa! I managed to get this document serialized in *The Grenadian Voice*, but only because I obtained a copy from a friendly mole in the Upper Brook Street office of our embassy in London.

Geoffrey Wagner
New York, N.Y.

Not Unified

Re "For the Record" [April 6]: The *Washington Times* is *not* financed by the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church. It has, in fact, no connection whatever with the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church.

It is financed by *businesses* affiliated with that church. This—if our First Amendment has any meaning—is a crucial distinction. Churches and their agencies are shielded by that amendment against all forms of government intrusion. Businesses, the ones funding this newspaper specifically included, are subject to the full range of federal, state, and local laws, rules and regulations, taxes, and other intrusions. So is the newspaper itself.

This would differentiate us from, say, that very fine newspaper, the *Christian Science Monitor*. The *Monitor* went into Federal District Court in Boston last year, to prove—and it prevailed—that it is an agency of the Christian Science Church, and therefore exempt from all of these governmental entanglements.

We believe the distinction is worth squabbling for.

James R. Whelan
Editor and Publisher
The Washington Times
Washington, D.C.

Labor v. Laissez-Faire

Michael Novak's "Religion and Labor" [April 6] was a refreshing change, and quite unexpected from a journal that so often adorns its pages with eulogies to the free-market philosophy of Milton Friedman—one that treats the worker and his labor as mere commodities.

I wish to thank Mr. Novak (in the name of all laboring people, including myself) for his admonishing conservatives not to regard us as a homogeneous polity. We are, indeed, a variegated lot. Some of us work in traditional blue-collar industries, but increasingly more of us work in low-wage and low-productivity service jobs. Some of us are unionized, some are not, and many more of

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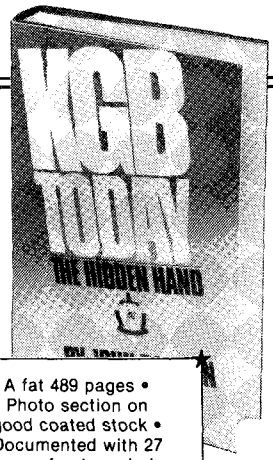

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John Barron provides an early glimpse of Andropov

On November 5, 1956, as Soviet tanks prowled the city, Kopacsi and his wife were captured while fleeing toward refuge in the Yugoslav embassy. The captors took them to the Soviet embassy and Andropov. "He met us, and was rather cordial and friendly," Kopacsi recalled long afterward. One might have thought all was well, but suddenly the KGB dragged the couple away to prison. Kopacsi can still vividly recall looking back and seeing Andropov standing at the embassy gate, waving to him and smiling.

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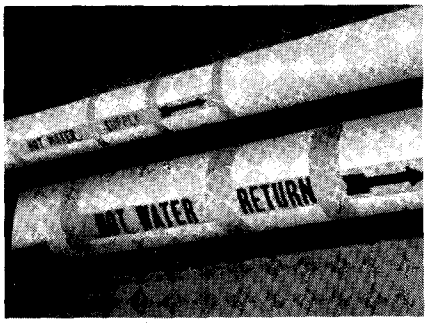

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us would unionize but are hamstrung by ineffective and archaic labor laws. We are Catholics, Protestants, and Jews, men and women, and every ethnic category imaginable. Many of us were (and still are) without jobs while a conservative in the White House lectures us on the simple virtues of laissez-faire.

We found the Republican Party insensitive and not understanding of our needs with its preoccupation with big-business concerns. Yet, increasingly, the Democrats (our traditional voices in government) are sounding as cold and disrespectful of our concerns—economic and social justice—as their opposition. Witness the neoliberals and Atari Democrats, who have fallen in behind the contemporary American conservatives worshipping the American economy at the expense of all other values. Was there not once a conservatism that rejected the two materialisms of Marxism and laissez-faire?

James W. Klobnak
Des Moines, Iowa

A Better Beginning

I must take exception to Richard Brookhiser's description ["The Others," March 9] of Gary Hart's childhood church, the Church of the Nazarene, as a breakaway sect. We plead guilty if by sect is meant an organized denomination, but the Church of the Nazarene was formed in 1908 as a coming together of three regional groups of churches in the United States and the United Kingdom. It never broke away from anything, although individuals may have, as I did, left an old-line denomination for this young, vibrant, and challenging church.

Roger B. Mills
West Sacramento, Calif.

On Profits and Protection

Concerning William Hawkins on neomercantilism [April 6], two observations:

1. John Kenneth Galbraith, in his comment following the essay, says that libertarians err in claiming that the market is "intrinsically and universally benign." Libertarians make no such claim. The market is neither benign nor malign. It can tell you, for example, that a raise in the minimum wage will result in increased unemployment. It makes no judgment or presumption as to whether more unemployment or a lower minimum wage is preferable. Whether government should or should not interfere in peaceful voluntary exchanges among consenting individuals is a political question, not a market question. When libertarians say that government should not impose a minimum wage, they are not taking a position on the issue of lower wages versus

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Are "schoolboy scuffles" in the White House damaging Reagan's chances to achieve world peace?

"My frankness may startle."

When Alexander M. Haig, Jr., became U.S. Secretary of State, he saw in President Reagan "a figure who possessed great gifts of leadership—an honest mind, a good heart, a sound conception of America, and the common touch."

Today, "it remains my hope as an American that history will have reason to call Reagan great."

But "staff mischief," Haig believes, may prevent it.

And so, saddened and alarmed, he has written his *Caveat*.

"My frankness may startle," Haig predicts.

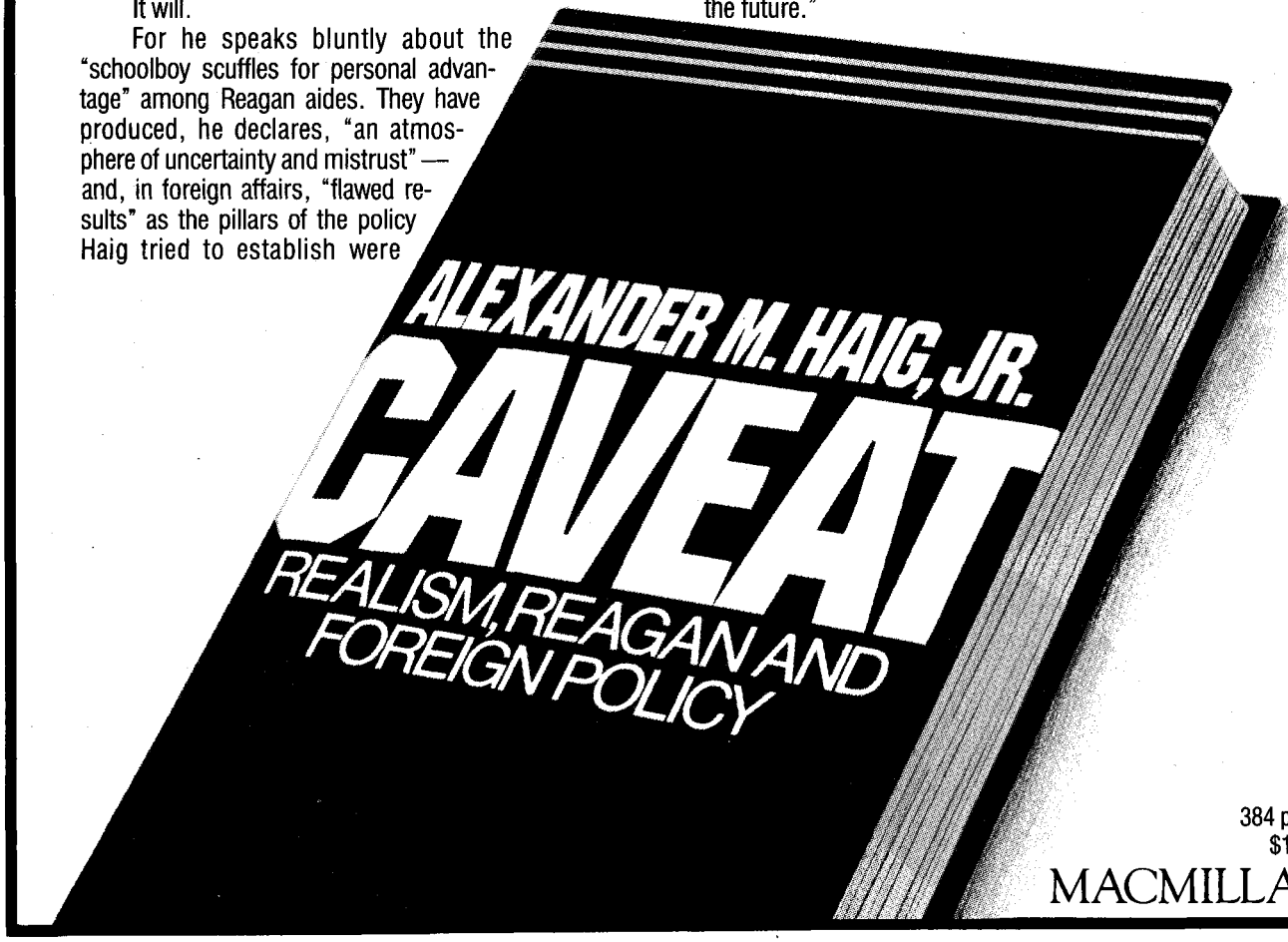
It will.

For he speaks bluntly about the "schoolboy scuffles for personal advantage" among Reagan aides. They have produced, he declares, "an atmosphere of uncertainty and mistrust"—and, in foreign affairs, "flawed results" as the pillars of the policy Haig tried to establish were "shaken by the Samsons of populism and petty ambition."

Haig's account of his stormy tenure as Secretary of State is salted with wit and graced with thoughtful insights, as he discusses the AWACS controversy...China...Poland...the Falklands crisis...and the "mixed signals" that bedeviled our Lebanon experience.

He is forthright—and often surprising—in describing his relationships with Caspar Weinberger, James Baker, Jeane Kirkpatrick, and other Reagan appointees. And he provides his definitive account of the controversial "I am in control here" episode when Reagan was shot.

Alexander Haig's *Caveat* is more than a warning. It is a bold statement of purpose—one man's view of the direction America's foreign policy must take, and what Ronald Reagan must do, if he "wishes to be among the makers of the future."



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higher unemployment, they are taking a position on the question of force versus freedom.

2. I would like to dispose of an economic myth that crops up far too frequently, i.e., that wages affect prices. Wages affect profits, not prices. A price is established by the market. A differential in wages permits the lower-wage company to make a larger profit. If the higher-wage company cannot make sufficient profits at a competing price, then the workers have the option of accepting a wage reduction sufficient to make them competitive, or of allowing the company to stop producing the product, and perhaps go out of business. Also, lower wages do not necessarily provide a competitive advantage unless the workers produce sufficient volumes of the product. America's disadvantage tends to be more the result of a productivity gap than a wage gap.

Gary Greenberg
New York, N.Y.

If there was a weakness in Professor Hawkins's article, it was his failure to provide concrete examples of mercantilist application in recent times. Unfortunately, such examples would point to the ineptness of the government when it interferes with free trade. For instance:

1. Last spring, the International Trade Commission recommended to President Reagan that a tariff be placed on imported motorcycles. The purpose of the tariff was to give the faltering American motorcycle industry (read: Harley-Davidson) some breathing space. Presumably, H-D would use the time to reinvigorate itself technologically and financially and thus be better able to compete with the foreign motorcycle industry, mainly Japanese. President Reagan approved the imposition of a 49 per cent tariff for 1984, with lower rates in succeeding years. As is to be expected, the tariff is doing more harm than good. First of all, the number of people involved in the manufacture of H-D motorcycles is minuscule compared to the number of people involved in the sale of all motorcycles across the country. And when was the last time any of us bought a motorcycle from a Japanese, a German, or an Italian? That's right, the salesmen and owners of the shops are American.

But the American salesman sells far fewer motorcycles when the American buyer decides not to cough up 30 to 40 per cent more for the same cycle. And, of course, the sale of new accessories for those new (unsold) cycles dips as well. What hath the ITC wrought? A dearth of new-motorcycle sales, an increase in cycle shops going out of business, an increase in the cost of cycle parts and services (to make up for the loss of sales), and you know what? Harley-Davidson is still marketing machinery obsolete ten years ago.

2. The second example concerns Professor Hawkins's grave error on the export of goods, particularly grain, to the Soviet Union. The point is not whether benefits accrued to the American economy exceeding those that accrued to the Soviet economy. As has been discussed in *NR*, and other publications, it actually costs the Soviets far more to produce $\$X$ worth of grain than it costs them to manufacture $\$X$ worth of weapons. The relevant comparison between our enemy and us would be based not on benefits to economies but rather on advantages, or the lack thereof, for the respective military/defense efforts. In short, our sale of grain to the Soviet Union results in the facilitation of Soviet weapons manufacture, which fuels imperialism and international leftist military aggression. The least our government can do when it interferes in the market is to contribute to the nation's security, not jeopardize it. Certainly Professor Hawkins does not advocate a policy of Better Red and Fed.

Samuel R. Lewis
Alexandria, Va.

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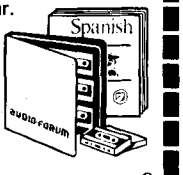

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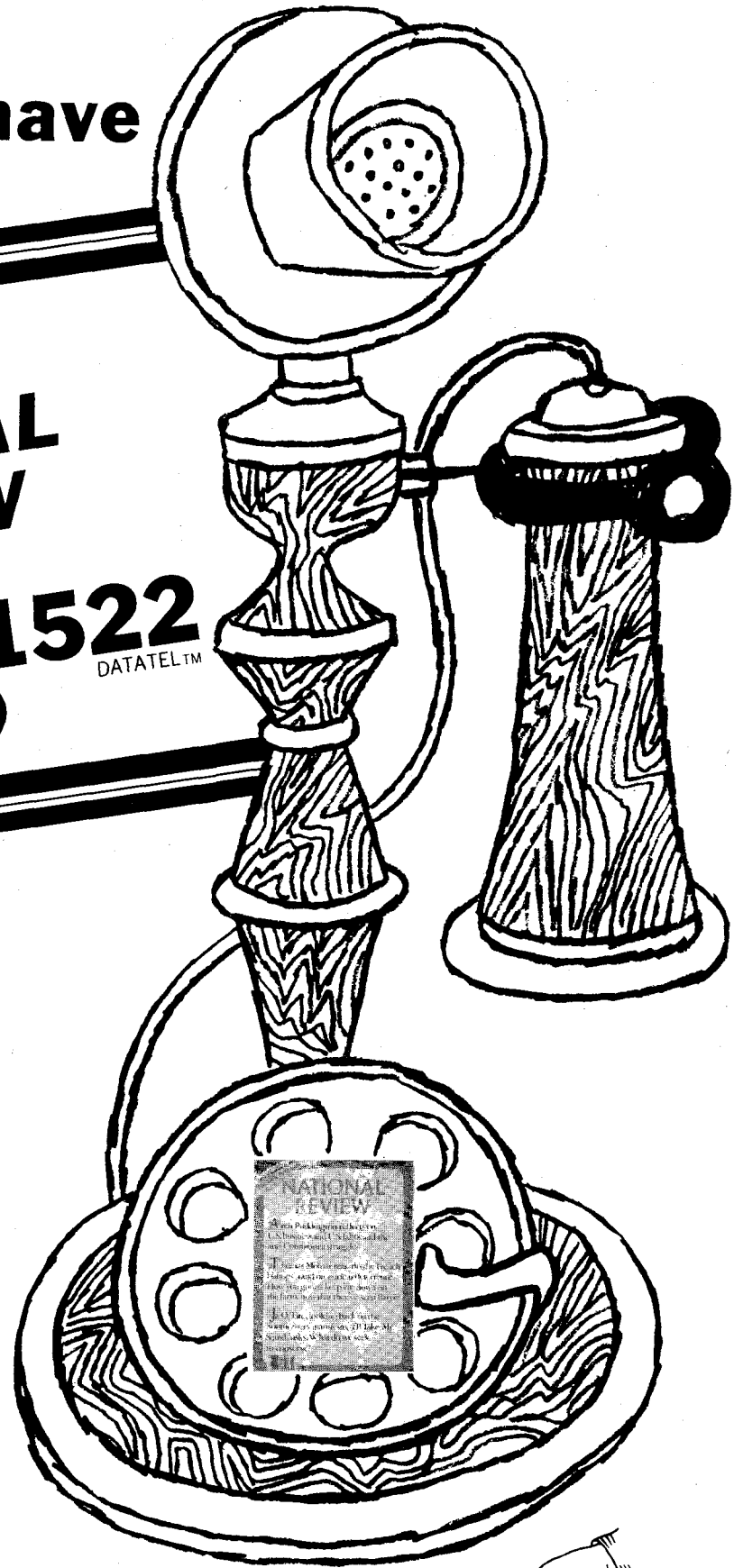

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FOR THE RECORD

Is there anything left of **Gary Hart**'s candidacy? Just one outside chance, say **Kevin Phillips** and California pollster **Mervin Field**: a "high profile" win in California, the nation's largest state, with a very mixed demography. A win there, says Field, would not only give Hart's delegate total a big boost but also "lend credence" to his candidacy. With that under his belt, Hart could argue that he would run better than Old Retread against **Ronald Reagan**. . . . A Field poll in California a month ahead of the June 5 primary gave Hart a five-point lead over **Mondale** (42 to 37 per cent), not bad considering that he got only 5 per cent in a Field sounding back in February. . . . Why isn't Hart doing better against Mondale, when the polls show him just one point behind Reagan? Because, says Democratic analyst **Alan Baron**, the qualities that bring out the young urban professionals—independence, fiscal moderation, coolness—are the very qualities the Democratic pros distrust. . . . A majority of Democratic National Committee members polled by *U.S. News* think Mondale will make it, but many "doubt he's the best man," and a majority doubt Mondale could beat Reagan in their own states. . . . Among Democrats at large, 51 per cent now pick Mondale, 28 Hart, 9 **Jesse Jackson**; among independents, however, it's Hart over Mondale, 39 to 29 per cent.

Charles Dolan, executive secretary of the Democratic Governors Association, warns against the adoption of rules demanded by Jackson at Democratic Convention in San Francisco. He fears that "ignited by an emotional firestorm of a speech" by Jackson, the delegates will vote for the "sort of knee-jerk proposals that were included in the **McGovern** rules and platform." . . . But Jackson and his allies are deeply committed to the changes. Mayor **Richard Hatcher** of Gary, Ind.—a moderate—has warned Democratic National Chairman **Charles Manatt** that the party has "to clean up its act" or face massive defections of blacks. . . . On the other hand the Jewish community remains up in arms over Jackson. **Hyman Bookbinder** of the American Jewish Committee says that only by divorcing himself from **Farrakhan** can Jackson indicate that he is "reaching out to the Jewish community." . . . Columnist **George Will**, who has very little use for Jesse Jackson or his rhetoric, quotes Jackson as saying about the Khmer Rouge: "Unfortunately . . . sometimes the best of people lose their way." Will says Jackson's candidacy "began squalidly, in collaboration with Syria's bloodthirsty regime, and has gone downhill."

Other races: There's an outside chance that Democratic Boll Weevil turned Republican, Rep. **Phil Gramm**, will get the 50 per cent needed in Texas senatorial primary May 5 to avoid runoff. He's running against libertarian Congressman **Ron Paul** (who's supported by former Treasury Secy. **Bill Simon** and by **Howard Phillips**'s Conservative Caucus) and businessman **Rob Mosbacher**. On Democratic side, former Congressman **Bob Krueger** leads,

Holland, London *Sunday Telegraph*/Rothco

"Now, that's what I call a portable pension."

but that one is apt to go to a runoff. . . . Other party switcheroos in the South. In Florida's 10th CD, Rep. **Andy Ireland** will be running as Republican this time around, and in Alabama, **Doug Carter**, a former Democrat, has entered the Republican primary against Sen. **Howell Heflin**. . . . Fascinating race in California's 8th CD, where radical Democratic Rep. **Ron Dellums** faces two opponents, **Eldridge Cleaver**, running as a conservative independent, and, probably, banker **Charles Conner**, a black conservative. Conner, running as a Republican, will first face **Roger Hefren**, a white businessman, in the primary. . . . In New Jersey, former counsel to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee **Bob Morris** battles Mayor **Mary Mochary** of Montclair for chance to take on Democratic Sen. **Bill Bradley** in November.

Getting ready for the elections, the Sandinistas have just published a tough new press law that calls for up to two years in jail, a $13,000 fine, and closure for up to 12 months of any radio station or newspaper that is found to be "detrimental to the interests of the federation." Trial before a four-man special tribunal (one Supreme Court justice, three military officers). No appeal. . . . The U.S. has officially said no to **Nora Astorga** as Nicaraguan ambassador to Washington. Nicaraguan authorities have to be careful: Two of the five ambassadors they have sent to Washington since 1979 have gone on the lam. . . . As have thousands of other Nicaraguans. Dade County, Fla., alone has taken in thirty thousand Nicaraguan refugees since the Sandinista takeover. . . . Attention Walter Mondale and Gary Hart: Egypt's **Hosni Mubarak** has broken diplomatic relations with El Salvador and Costa Rica for moving their embassies from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem.

Here's one way to count, courtesy of **Alexander B. Trowbridge**, head of the National Association of Manufacturers: "A billion seconds ago it was 1951. A billion minutes ago **Jesus** was alive and walking in Galilee. A billion hours ago no one walked on two feet on earth. And a billion dollars ago was 10.3 hours in Washington, D.C."

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THE WEEK

☐ "Soft on Communism" used to be a McCarthyite charge. Now it's becoming a Democratic campaign pledge.

☐ The figures have become available on federal tax receipts before and after the great cut in marginal tax rates back in 1981—the cut that was supposed to "favor the rich." Here you go:

Net Income Group	Share of Taxes Paid (Per Cent)	
	1981	1982
$0 to $10,000	3.0	2.7
$10,000 to $15,000	6.1	5.6
$15,000 to $20,000	8.0	7.2
$20,000 to $50,000	50.0	49.1
$50,000 to $100,000	17.9	18.1
$100,000 to $500,000	11.9	12.9
$500,000 to $1,000,000	1.4	2.0
$1,000,000 or more	1.7	2.4

The first political party that understands those numbers, takes them to the people, and promises more of the same will win big. As will we all.

☐ Go ahead, Fritz, we dare you: Get up in front of the cameras and say, "We were better off under Jimmy Carter."

☐ Perfection is always suspect, like a bright kid. Show us, instead (we greybeards say), the one who can take a pratfall, pick himself up, and keep going. All the greater, then, the achievement of the latest Space Shuttle mission, which failed to follow its preflight plan, was forced to improvise something out of thin air, did it, got away with it, and proved far more than it had set out to prove: that those cold reaches are a benign place where mankind, properly accoutered, cheerfully keeps doing its thing. That there was a profound military significance in the episode was not lost on astute observers. The ability to keep machinery happily functioning in those severe orbits, thanks to cheap round-trips by doctors who make house calls, is a priceless advantage. Indeed, this ability may make the critical difference that will save us during the next few years of the "gap" in other techniques and weapons.

☐ There was no demonstration in Managua on Good Friday. More than a hundred thousand Catholics did not gather in the streets to protest Sandinista oppression in general and persecution of the Church in particular. No priests or bishops led the non-protest. The entire non-event was reported only by ABC. The *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, CBS, NBC, AP, and UPI ignored it, so it hardly happened.

☐ Briefingate appears once again in the often excellent columns of William Safire, whose former employer was driven from office by Watergate, an experience from which Safire will apparently never recover, and will someone tell us who else cares and why? In 1940, FDR had Wendell Willkie's letters to his mistress, Irita Van Doren, and Willkie had the letters of Henry Wallace, a/k/a Old Bubblehead, to his guru, which subsequently fell into the hands of Westbrook Pegler, and about the only letters that remained with their recipient were those from FDR to *his* tootsie, and if you want privacy, don't go into a profession that requires you to grant photo opportunities at the Dubuque airport. Let's all good patriots send Bill Safire pages of solecisms and pray for a Middle East war, so we can get on with other business.

☐ Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan had no trouble finding a distributor for his latest vehicle—a film of himself in the act of resigning as vice chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee. Shot on location in his office on a Friday, the film was withheld until Sunday, when the public was deemed ready. Briefly, the

Wreckers, Inc.

The wrecking ball is hanging
  Malignly from the crane
As Jesse Jackson angles
  The slant of his campaign.
In swinging San Francisco,
  Fritz must put in the fix,
Or rattle like the earthquake
  That struck in Nineteen Six.

W. H. von Dreele

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

HART IS withering, his money only a dribble. We have seen the last of the media blitzes like Pennsylvania and New York, where Hart dumped a total of about $1.5 million but to no avail, Pennsylvania actually being his nadir. To the astonishment of some Hart staffers, payroll was met on schedule in late April, but this could well be the last time. The plane will stay in the air through June no matter what, but it may entail shutting down headquarters. This helps explain why the betting here now is that Mondale will have the magic number—1,967 delegates—before the mid-July convention.

Insiders here say that Jesse Jackson totally misjudged the intensity of the resistance to his demand that the runoff requirement in Southern Democratic primaries be junked. Anticipating an early concession, Jackson saw himself at the convention declaring victory, with a long rideout of the win. Instead, Jackson faces the party chairmen, the state legislators, the Bert Lances willing to go to the mat on the issue. So, how does he get out with his shirt? Jackson-watchers sense that the rising black star wants to be a big Democratic leader rather than president of the blacks. The runoff issue threatens that transition.

Jackson isn't the only one who has miscalculated: So have the Democrats generally, on the CIA's role in the Nicaraguan harbor mining. The Democrats thought they were scoring big on this one, but their count is surprisingly low, says the Democratic editor of a Washington political newsletter. The we-weren't-briefed protest hasn't stuck, since there is so much data to the contrary. Pat Moynihan looks to this cynical city like a time-serving showboater. (He engaged in his grand grandstanding, we are told, to make himself whole before the Democratic Platform Committee after his yes votes on covert aid to the *Contras*; and his term as vice chairman of the Intelligence panel would end in January anyway.) More importantly, the Democrats are misjudging public sentiment, suicidally so, as liberal columnist Max Lerner has pointed out. The hemisphere is ours, in the view of the American people, and the Sandinistas are threatening it and the freedom of people who live here. Cubans and Soviets are supplying the Sandinistas, who in turn supply the guerrillas in El Salvador. "The President has got to be tough because it is our backyard," notes an elder-statesman Democrat. "It makes all the difference in the world as to where you make a stand." Conclusion? No lasting political damage to Ronald Reagan from the mining, and maybe a minor plus—for resolve.

National Security Decision Directive #138 is a secret presidential document, signed by Ronald Reagan on April 3, which puts the U.S. in active opposition to domestic and international terrorism. Intensified intelligence collection by the FBI, the CIA, and the DIA (Defense Intelligence Agency) is called for, as well as new laws permitting six-figure rewards for information on terrorists. Officials will not speak on the record as to whether NSDD #138 endorses the principle of pre-emptive strikes and reprisal attacks. But, we can tell you, the authority for both is in fact there. Conditions are ultra-stringent for pre-emptive hits: exact information, certainty of attack, known group, observed weaponry, identified target, and no other way to thwart the terrorists. As can be seen, the authority will have to be invoked on a case-by-case basis. At last, we are on the offensive.

The race between Democratic Congressman Paul Simon and incumbent Charles Percy for the Illinois Senate seat is neck and neck, and many Washington politicos are now calling it a probable Percy loss. The Simon challenge confronts Percy with a worst-case scenario: A Democrat from downstate, where Republicans generally do well, Simon appeals strongly to GOP and independent suburban moderates, but at the same time he will be able to hang on to both organizational Democrats and Chicago blacks.

But every cloud has its silver lining. If Percy loses, the chairmanship of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee opens up. Since Howard Baker is quitting, next in line is Jesse Helms. Assuming that Helms beats Governor Jim Hunt (now better than even money), and assuming that the Democrats do not pick up the six seats needed to control the Senate (they won't), brother Helms will take over from Percy and away we go. —CATO

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plot concerned a senator who had been kept in the dark about CIA machinations in Nicaragua, then was overcome with conscience and indignation when the terrible truth transpired. Some members of the real-life committee on which the film was loosely based thought Moynihan should have known better: "We were informed twice in March," said Jake Garn. "There are ways and means . . . to become informed." Critics found the film's concept dated, the premise implausible, and the acting a bit on the hammy side.

☐ House Majority Leader Jim Wright, along with nine other congressmen, has signed a sniveling "Dear Comandante" letter to Daniel Ortega, the Nicaraguan dictator. The signers indicate that as between Reagan and Ortega, they are on Ortega's side, and they praise him for scheduling elections, reducing censorship, and allowing "greater" freedom of assembly, hooray, ignoring abundant evidence that repression has steadily increased and that the regime has no intention of holding any sort of elections an opposition might win. Wright signed the recent Kissinger report for the benefit of the folks back home in Texas, and he now signs the "Dear Comandante" bootlicker in order to earn liberal points and a future Speakership once Gorgeous George retires. The other signers appear, oddly enough, to believe what they are saying.

☐ "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead," remarked Theodore Roosevelt, meaning that either the kidnapped

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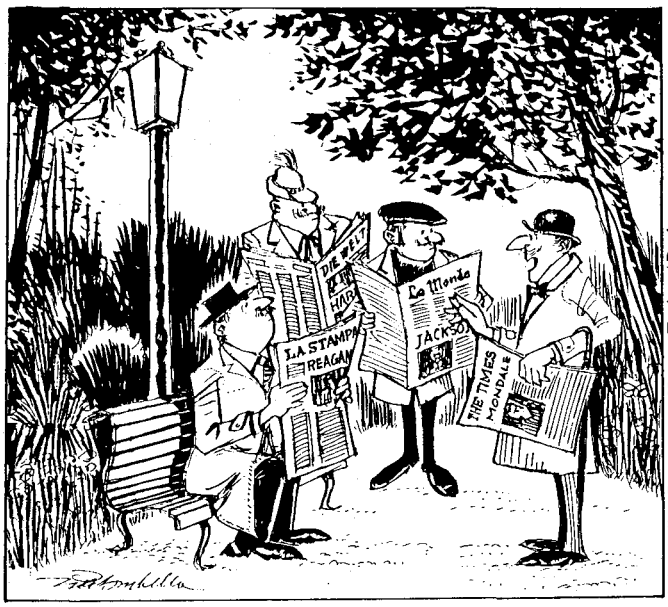
American would be released or the fleet would turn its big guns on his kidnapper. Half a century later the British have put themselves in a bind in Libya through short-sighted greed. When the U.S. pulled its nationals out of Libya, the British rushed in to replace them, mostly in the oil business. Congratulations. These British nationals are now implicitly hostage against reprisals over the murder of 25-year-old Constable Yvonne Fletcher. Meanwhile, Qaddafi declares that he will step up his support for the IRA terrorists. "Yvonne Fletcher dead and Qaddafi dead" would be a good line for Margaret Thatcher.

☐ French President Mitterrand, though not yet reduced, by any means, to selling the banks his regime seized, has visited this country to plead the case of his own and other Third World nations. "Poverty and economic exploitation" are the leading causes of revolution and war in the underdeveloped world, he told a joint session of Congress. Therefore, we have to "reduce the level of misery in the world," i.e., put the whole of humanity on the dole, i.e., stand by for spectacular tax increases, and if that doesn't work, we should at least send our old clothes to France.

☐ Mr. Ralph White, as a young man in his twenties, became a leader of the black community in Stockton, California, organizing boycotts, impelling companies to hire blacks, and so on. He was elected to the city council in 1971 and began accepting pieces of the city: He now owns the Executive Suite nightclub, a small market, a 27-room mansion with tennis court and swimming pool all guarded by an iron fence, a commercial plaza, and 32 pieces of residential real estate. Stockton is 46 per cent Latino and 37 per cent black. By the time of last year's elections there was a split in the community on the question whether Mr. White truly represented the blacks. Mr. Mark Stebbins, campaigning as a sure-enough black, nosed out Mr. White, gaining a 39 per cent plurality in a multiparty race. Mr. White immediately asked for a recall and a new election, charging Mr. Stebbins with "racial fraud" because it transpires that Mr. Stebbins has light skin, blue eyes, a white brother, four white sisters, two white parents, four white grandparents—the usual slurs. Mr. Stebbins claims to be black by choice: "My choice is my choice." The Reverend Bob Hailey, president of the Stockton chapter of the Black American Political Association of California, says, "I think he is black." One remembers that when the Nazis, during their occupation of France, ordered all Jews to be registered, Jacques Maritain, the Catholic philosopher, himself stood in the queue in the street, declaring himself to be a Jew, and sought to register himself. The Nazis did not permit him so to choose; Nazis never do. The election in Stockton will come off on May 8. No matter who wins, the people of Stockton will have lost; the people always do when the noble instrument, democracy, is blunted into the bludgeon, demagogy.



Palombella, *Dimensioni Nuove*, Torino / Rothco

"Europe is so heavily involved with the U.S.A. that, in my opinion, we should be allowed to vote in their presidential primaries!"

☐ Jim Davidson of the National Taxpayers Union points out that the serf of the Middle Ages owed his lord three months' labor a year—whereas the taxpayer in a modern democracy works *five* months to pay his, er, public servants. At this point, the road to serfdom looks like an objectively progressive step.

☐ Representative Fish wishes to prohibit the export of water from the United States, and what next?

☐ How come the people who say the two superpowers mirror each other and that we're just as bad as the Soviets never charge that the Soviets are just as bad as *we* are?

October 3, 1962: Be It Therefore Resolved

THE SENATE and House, which have recently given President Reagan such horrendous difficulties over his Central American policy, would do well to heed the words of a Resolution they passed back in 1962, two weeks before there was any hint of Soviet missiles in Cuba:

> Whereas President James Monroe, announcing the Monroe Doctrine in 1823, declared that the United States would consider any attempt on the part of European powers "to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety"; and
>
> Whereas in the Rio Treaty of 1947 the parties agreed that "an armed attack by any state against an Ameri-

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Right now in Washington, Secretary of Transportation Elizabeth H. Dole is reviewing possible safety requirements for all new cars. And most car companies are trying to keep air bags right where they are today. Nowhere.

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can state shall be considered as an attack against all the American states, and, consequently, each one of the said contracting parties undertakes to assist in meeting the attack in the exercise of the inherent right of individual or collective self-defense recognized by Article 51 of the Charter of the United Nations"; and

Whereas the foreign ministers of the Organization of American States at Punta del Este in January 1962 declared: "The present government of Cuba has identified itself with the principles of Marxist-Leninist ideology, has established a political, economic, and social system based on that doctrine, and accepts military assistance from extra-continental Communist powers, including even the threat of military intervention in America on the part of the Soviet Union"; and

Whereas the international Communist movement has increasingly extended into Cuba its political, economic, and military sphere of influence; Now, therefore, be it

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the United States is determined:

a) To prevent by whatever means may be necessary, including the use of arms, the Marxist-Leninist regime in Cuba from extending, by force or the threat of force, its aggressive or subversive activities to any part of this hemisphere;

b) To prevent in Cuba the creation or use of an externally supported military capability endangering the security of the United States; and

c) To work with the Organization of American States and with freedom-loving Cubans to support the aspirations of the Cuban people for self-determination.

The Meaning of Jesse

THE CANDIDACY of Jesse Jackson turns out to have provided most of the real drama of the 1984 campaign so far. By destiny, by maladroitness, and partly even by choice, Jackson has enacted the breakdown of the old Democratic coalition.

As the continuing uproar over Jackson and his ally Louis Farrakhan proves, the black-Jewish schism goes very deep. In this issue John McLaughlin (p. 24) cites the current attitude of socially rising blacks toward Jackson: They like him because he "doesn't take orders from the Jews." And Victor Gold's article (p. 28) suggests the reciprocal feeling of Jews: Having championed, organized, and subsidized the civil-rights movement, they are wounded by what they see as not only anti-Semitism but ingratitude. Beneath the different reactions to the split, however, one thing is clear: Both sides of the alliance understood the relation to be one of dependence. Jackson represents a sort of black declaration of independence, with all the emotional excess that might be expected.

The old Democratic coalition consisted of Jews, blacks, Catholics, unions, and the "old South." The South is now more likely to be solid for Reagan than for any Democrat in sight. The unions are shrinking and have less influence over their rank and file than they used to. The Democrats have nothing to offer Catholics and much to offend them with. And now Jews and blacks, the last remaining reliable components of the old coalition, are at odds.

It may be that neither group has anywhere else to go. More Jews are voting Republican, but there is little prospect of Jewish clout within the Republican Party; for Jews, a crossover represents a certain loss of influence. Jackson has now pledged that come what may, he will stay within the Democratic Party rather than run on an independent ticket. But he may have already helped chase a lot of white Democrats out of the party. He himself is a walking symbol of the party's leftward drift and total subservience to special interests. Walter Mondale took weeks to say a word against Jackson, while flailing away at Ronald Reagan's attempts to stand up for genuinely national interests. And so the scene is set for November 1984.

The Soviet Card

AMERICAN PRESIDENTS have paid so many visits to China during the past decade and a half that the script has become almost *déjà-vu*. There is always a formal banquet in the Great Hall of the People, and there is always a visit to the Great Wall. There is always a Frank Exchange of Views, and there is always progress on outstanding trade issues. And above all, there is always disagreement over Taiwan.

The issue of Taiwan so dominates all Sino-American talks that it sometimes obscures one simple strategic verity: Taiwan is not what this relationship is all about. Indeed, the problems and issues associated with the status of Taiwan are but a very minor sideshow in the great geopolitical drama of our time. The Chinese would never admit this publicly, of course. Many an American specialist on China would also dispute it. But it is so nonetheless.

One fundamental historical force brought the United States and China together in recent years: the growing military power of the Soviet Union. That same histor-

Famous Victories

Grenada excepted, you'd have to go back
To Douglas MacArthur, who launched the attack
At Inchon and won, though the tides were severe
And journalists carped, even then, from the rear.
I shan't recapitulate chapter and verse
Describing the slippage from better to worse,
But trust we possess a more winnable plan
Than Louis Napoleon had at Sedan.

W. H. VON DREELE

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ical force is the only binding power that keeps them together. Alongside the vast threat from the Soviet Union, which both China and the United States face, the issue of Taiwan pales. The dictates of national pride compel China not to drop the issue, but the dictates of survival ensure that it need never be a major stumbling block to Sino-American cooperation.

It is unfortunate that American Presidents over the years have felt constrained to make so many unnecessary concessions to Peking on the issue of Taiwan. The concessions were not needed to retain a modest strategic relationship with the Chinese—which is the best relationship the United States can ever hope for, anyway. But sensing that the United States was prepared almost to sell its soul for strategic cooperation, the Chinese have pressed hard on the issue of Taiwan—knowing full well that the United States would not break off the budding relationship over the issue, and that they would not either.

America has only one vital interest in China: ensuring that Peking does not return to the Soviet fold. That interest will not be protected by kowtowing of any kind, for the Chinese, like their Communist counterparts in Moscow, respect strength and have nothing but contempt for weakness. The American formula for good relations with China is, fundamentally, a quite simple one: redress the strategic imbalance with Moscow, retain a strong military posture in the Pacific, reassure the Chinese that said military power is directed solely toward the Soviet threat, and maintain a discreet silence on Taiwan. Alongside these strategic commonplaces, visits to the Great Wall are—so many visits to the Great Wall.

Flat Isn't Simple

By now everyone is for the flat tax in principle, from Gary Hart to *Business Week* to the Viguerie Company. There is a version for every taste. Scholars at the Hoover Institution have come up with a flat 19 per cent tax so simple that a 1040 form would fit on the back of a postcard. Other plans would keep a system of graduated rates, but cut the top rate to 30 per cent (Bradley-Gephardt, the Democratic bill) or 25 per cent (Kasten-Kemp, the Republican bill). All of these plans would eliminate most of the current deductions and exemptions in the tax code.

Any day now there will be a sense-of-the-Congress resolution agreeing unanimously that, yes, taxes ought to be flat. There is only one problem. Congress shows absolutely no sign of actually enacting a flat tax, now or ever. In fact, many purported flat-tax supporters, like Gary Hart, are at the moment proposing to make taxes less flat by raising tax rates ("capping" the third year) and creating more deductions ("individual training accounts").

The reason for this paradox is that the flat tax is the exact reverse of a good "Washington issue." It would profit almost every individual taxpayer, but at the expense of harming almost every organized interest group. As a private citizen, you may love the flat tax; as a member of an association, you will be counted in opposition by your representatives. After all, every one of the deductions in the current IRS code helps shelter some sector of society from economic realities. The mortgage-interest deduction cossets everyone from timber sawmills to savings and loan associations. The deduction for medical expenses has helped the health-care industry grow to 10 per cent of GNP. State and local governments profit from the deductibility of their taxes and the interest on their debt. The elderly get tax-free benefit checks. And on and on: consumer lenders, child-care centers, unions (dues), politicians (campaign contributions). Conservatives will have a deduction of their own to defend if Congress enacts tuition tax credits.

All of these good people will demand that their own deductions be preserved. What's more, many of them can point to individual cases that will tug at our sense of equity. What about the family that spends 90 per cent of its income on a medical operation—would you tax away the rest? What about the family that, in reasonable reliance on the old tax system, has tied up half its income in mortgage payments? And what about the whole vast charitable sector—wouldn't it dry up and blow away under a flat tax?

Of course, the more exemptions you preserve, the higher the tax rates you will charge on the remaining income, and the harder it will become to hold the political line against further exceptions. The most popular flat-tax bills in Congress have already made a crucial compromise by exempting mortgage interest—although that deduction is one of the largest and least justified of the candidates.

You might allow "grandfather" clauses for people who have relied on the current system, but that would lead to bizarre inequities: Why should last year's homebuyers get grandfather protection, but not this year's? Finally, if you try to ease the blow by shifting to a flat-rate tax in gradual stages, rather than all at once, you will create complexities that will make the current system seem an Eden of simplicity.

Popularizing the principle of a flat tax was easy. Now comes the hard part.

Easter Poppycock

Bishop Paul Moore Jr. of the Episcopal Diocese of New York chose his Easter sermon as the occasion for an attack on the United States. He called our policy in Central America "illegal, inconsistent, ill-advised, and immoral" (thank God it's not fattening). He likened the "innocent people of Central America" to Christ crucified, and the United States to Pontius

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Pilate, "who could stop the slaughter but who washed his hands of the whole event" (Matthew, Mark: call home). Moore said: "We simply cannot go around the world shooting and killing innocent men, women, and children as part of our national policy" (spoil-sport). And the bishop is magnanimous, admitting that the Sandinistas are not perfect, just as the young United States was not: "It took us 12 years to have an election and George Washington was the only candidate."

What is to be said about an eminent churchman who seems unfamiliar with the central historical episode of his professed religion? Who urges, by analogy, that the United States should impose its law (i.e., Roman law) by force if necessary (i.e., not "wash its hands") upon the innocent people (i.e., Jesus and the Jews) of Central America? Who implies that it is our *policy* to murder women and children? Who doesn't know the difference between a confederation (the U.S., 1781-1789) and a federal republic (1789 ff.)? Who implies that the presidential electors were pledged to any one candidate when the fact is they were not?

The bishop is one of those uprooted modernists who, in Unamuno's phrase, have lost the tragic view of life. Pilate wanted peace as much as the next man, as much as Bishop Moore certainly. Pilate thought all Hell would break loose if he imposed Roman law on the Jews. He probably was right. We do know that that ugly experiment was tried a generation later, and Josephus tots up the numbers of dead from the Jewish War (not excluding the innocent). In your average tragic historical situation it's a choice not between peace and war, but between war now and war later.

Any historian, any Las Vegas bookie, will tell you the odds are we'll be at war again, *serius ocius*. When the bishop falsifies our history, giving us less to be proud of, he undermines the public will to survive as a nation.

Christians almost everywhere are already suffering under the aesthetic yellow-rain attack of a liturgy translated into Newspeak and Muzak. To add, on top of this, the spectacle of a church twisted into a covert flying squad of Visigoths is to give the people a feeling for the true cross. The Via Dolorosa used to run through the streets. Now it runs straight up the main aisle of your fanciest cathedrals. Let us pray.

Recharging Nuclear Power

Public Service of New Hampshire, the utility that is building the Seabrook nuclear-power plant, has laid off 5,200 workers and stopped work on the site—temporarily, it says; permanently, the enemies of nuclear power hope. This becomes the latest in a series of surprising difficulties afflicting the nuclear-power industry.

The difficulties are "surprising," because nuclear power continues to live up to the expectations of rational men. It remains the cheapest source of electricity in the country. In 1982, the last year for which figures are available, the average cost of electricity generated by nuclear power was 3.1 cents per kilowatt-hour. Coal-powered electricity cost 3.5 cents per kilowatt-hour; oil-powered cost 7 cents per kilowatt-hour. (These figures include construction costs, which, for nuclear power, are grossly inflated by environmental challenges and regulatory delays.)

Major utilities, which presumably do not want to go broke, continue to place their chips on nuclear. Commonwealth Edison, the nation's largest user, projects annual savings of $1.1 billion when its new plants go into service, and estimates it has saved $3.2 billion over the last decade by using the plants it already has. Pacific Gas and Electric expects to save $5 billion over ten years because of its project at Diablo Canyon. France, Sweden, and a dozen other countries in Europe and Asia (including, interestingly, the Soviet Union) press on with their nuclear programs.

Nuclear power remains, without question, the safest energy source. The bugaboos of Three Mile Island have vanished like the night. There were no glowing fish, as the *Village Voice* reported; no "A-cloud" moving "closer," as the headline writers of the *New York Post* declared. Nuclear plants emit less radioactivity than the average *coal* plant. Nuclear wastes are compact and disposable; they do not spew into the air, or collect, by the ton, on dirty scrubbers. Uranium miners get no black lung.

Nuclear power has eloquent defenders—Petr Beckmann, editor of the monthly *Access to Energy*; Samuel McCracken, author of *The War against the Atom*; Bernard Cohen, an occasional contributor to *NR* and numerous other publications who, unlike most of the members of the anti-nuke Union of Concerned Scientists, is actually a scientist.

And yet, the perception remains that nuclear power is dirty and deadly; expensive, exotic, and unsafe.

We suffer from a failure of mind and will. The media, which should instruct us, have been derelict. The pollsters Stanley Rothman and Robert Lichter have shown that support for nuclear power is highest among the scientists who know most about the relevant disciplines; lowest among reporters. The gap is reflected in their coverage. (In fairness to the *New York Post*, it should be noted that its editorial page is one of the few sources of sensible information on this issue.)

The failure of will is political. Governors, congressmen, presidential candidates can get the facts; they already know the need. Coal pollutes; oil is undependable. And yet they allow regulators and environmentalists to mire the industry in frivolous procedures; they truckle to anti-nuclear rhetoric, or indulge in it. Former Governor Jerry Brown was so incensed by

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William A. Rusher

It was a warm, hearty affair. The guest of honor was the President of the United States, Ronald Reagan, who was never in better form. As you know, Mr. Reagan can spin off funny stories with the best of them—as he does on this recording—but he's even better when he gets serious. He's a remarkable man (even more impressive in person than on TV) and you'll thoroughly enjoy everything he has to say here. But you also get a rare, behind-the-scenes glimpse of *National Review*'s people in action.

Richard Brookhiser

All the editors were there, as was William Rusher, the Publisher, who served as Master of Ceremonies. The party, in fact, very much resembled one of NR's fabled editorial meetings! You hear, in person, from Rusher, Rick Brookhiser, Joe Sobran, Jeff Hart, Priscilla Buckley, Bill Buckley (in *Latin*, believe it or not—but you'll understand him), NR's man in Washington, John McLaughlin, and then, to top it off, Ronald Reagan. It's a moment of relaxed, good-natured fun that you and your family and friends are going to enjoy immensely.

Now, for a limited time, you can get this unique, historic tape recording (standard cassette) FREE and postpaid simply by subscribing to *National Review* for a full year at the regular $29 rate (saving you a full $10 over the newsstand price). If you're already a subscriber you can still get this tape, FREE and postpaid, simply by extending your present subscription for a full year (no matter when it is due to expire—we'll add another 26 big issues). This *is* an unusual special offer, but it expires when our current supply of tapes is gone. So, please, act now. Send for your FREE tape of "Highlights of the Ronald Reagan/NR Washington Party." Just fill in the handy card opposite this page and send it to us today.

Joseph Sobran

John McLaughlin

Priscilla Buckley

William F. Buckley, Jr.

Jeffrey Hart

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"Behind some three-year-old frozen green beans in an icebox at 517 North Elm Street in Newark—THAT'S where the #★&!! beef is!"

Diablo Canyon he almost lost warp speed. Gary Hart lists the sun among his new ideas. Why should a French socialist like Mitterrand be more out front on this issue than an American conservative like Reagan?

Three Mile Island slowed nuclear power almost to a halt. But that was five years ago. It is time to get moving once again.

Does Industrialization Cause Cancer?

INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST Edith Efron, in a forthcoming book excerpted in *The American Spectator*, has singlehandedly demolished one of the most cherished myths of the environmental movement. Moreover, her findings call into question some of the fundamental assumptions behind government "health and safety" regulation.

Those assumptions have to do with the causes of cancer. In 1975 this subject suddenly burst into the headlines. The *Washington Post* reported "mounting evidence that environmental impurities in man's habitat are the primary causes of most cancer." Democratic Senator John Tunney made an even more remarkable assertion at a congressional hearing: "Up to 90 per cent are caused by contaminants placed in the environment by man." In 1976 the environmental correspondent of *Newsweek* said that "it is now generally accepted that about 60 to 90 per cent of all human cancer is caused by manmade toxic chemicals of various sorts."

The theory that most cancer is caused by synthetic chemicals has several important implications. For example, it necessarily implies that cancer rates must be rising sharply, since the production of such chemicals has increased many hundredfold since the Second World War. And sure enough, Dan Rather of CBS reported in 1975 that "we are suffering a cancer epidemic in slow motion," Lesley Stahl of CBS reported that U.S. cancer rates were "soaring," and so forth. Another implication is that cancer must be far more prevalent in the advanced societies where chemicals are made and used than it is in the pre-industrial world.

Miss Efron shows that each of these assertions not only is false, but was refuted in the scientific literature well *before* the chemicals-cause-cancer scare arose. Consider, first, the assertion that 90 per cent of all cancer is caused by environmental impurities. That notion had its origin in the published hypothesis of a leading cancer scientist, John Higginson, that perhaps as little as 10 per cent of all cancer was *hereditary*—that is, unavoidable by any possible regimen of conduct or prevention, including living in a glass bubble. That left all other cancer to be attributed to *environmental* factors—a category in which Higginson included viruses, diet, smoking, sunlight, natural background radiation, alcohol, reproductive behavior, physical irritation, and hundreds of other possible causes of cancer, including, of course, synthetic chemicals. Higginson himself later protested that his theory of environmental cancer had been misinterpreted, but by then it was too late: The toxic-chemical theory, in Miss Efron's words, had "saturated the entire country."

The charge of a "cancer epidemic" had even less foundation. It is quite true that the number of cancer cases is on the rise. But if you adjust the data to take into account the aging of the population, and then factor out the effects of tobacco smoking, the apparent trend disappears.

Finally, consider the notion that cancer is peculiar to advanced countries. There is an enormous and fascinating body of literature on the variations in cancer incidence around the world. It shows little correlation with industrialization. Liver cancer is known to be caused by some industrial chemicals, but it is about one hundred times as prevalent in remote Mozambique as it is in North America and Europe. High rates of esophageal cancer are found in areas as diverse as Iran and the Caribbean; high rates of stomach cancer in Colombia and the USSR; and so forth, for other types of cancer.

Among industrial countries, Japan has high rates of stomach cancer and low rates of cancer of the rectum, while the United States has just the reverse. All in all, these differences explode the simplistic notion

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that the way to avoid cancer is to return to some sort of "balanced" or "harmonious" relationship with nature.

The myth that most cancer is manmade has colored the debate on a host of regulatory issues, right down to the panics in recent months over dioxin and ethylene dibromide (EDB). Miss Efron's work should fundamentally change the terms of that debate.

Hot Stuff

SOME BULLETINS from a highly informed correspondent on the cocaine-ideology front.

► We know that on March 10, Colombian authorities staged "the largest drug raid ever" on a secret cocaine-processing complex on the Yarí River. The haul: almost 13 tons of coke. Value, $1.2 billion, or about one-fourth the value of the cocaine consumed in the United States every year ($5 billion worth). Early in April, authorities struck again. This time there was resistance by organized guerrillas.

► In mid-March, news leaked of a formal alliance, a sort of Guerrilla International. The Andean Pact guerrillas—Communist-terrorist groups dedicated to Che Guevara's dream of two, three, many Vietnams in the Andes—met with the underworld coke merchants outside Quito in Ecuador and agreed on a deal. The terms: Guerrilla protection for the coke merchants in return for 10 per cent of the take, which money would be used in part to purchase arms from Cuba with which to pursue revolutionary activity.

► The alliance, for which the armed wing of the Colombian Communist Party is fronting, will net the guerrillas $4 million per month to begin with.

► Politically aware Colombians (both conservatives and liberals) fear that the efforts required to assert control over the Guerrilla International and the coke merchants will soon dwarf the problems of the government of El Salvador.

► Meanwhile, *Penthouse* magazine published an "exposé" of CIA involvement with the cocaine trade written by: journalist Penny Lernoux. She is the author of *Cry of the People*, an anti-American jeremiad praising d'Escoto-style Catholicism, whose distinguishing feature is its godlessness.

The Stinking Olympics Again

THE SOVIETS, whatever smoke they are now blowing, will not stay away from the Los Angeles Olympics. Though, in all decency—to use an irrelevant word in these matters—they really ought to, and so, probably, should everyone else. International athletics has never been in any way pure, but we have come a long way from the days of *Chariots of Fire*. Four years ago, the Soviets were planning the Moscow Olympics as a great totalitarian showcase, comparable to Hitler's 1936 extravaganza, and they had clever moves in progress to exclude Israel, Taiwan, and other political targets. In the West, a strong and spontaneous movement arose to ignore the Moscow Olympics on the grounds that free men and women should not be spear-carriers in the sort of show planned for them there. The cuddly stuffed toy bear that was the symbol of the Moscow Olympics, for example, was manufactured in slave-labor camps. And all of the Soviet and Eastern-bloc athletes were state-paid professionals anyway.

The boycott movement was making enough headway to worry both Moscow and NBC-TV, which had sunk millions in the show, when all of a sudden the Soviets invaded Afghanistan, and President Carter, casting about for some response, decided to boycott the Moscow Olympics, with the result that the show closed in Minsk, as far as a global audience was concerned.

Well, wouldn't it be great, the thought occurs to the Soviets, to stay away from Los Angeles? Stick it to Reagan? As a matter of fact, no. Los Angeles is not Minsk. There's all that Western TV coverage. Plus the risk that the East German professionals, or someone, will win too many medals. Admittedly, the Soviet professional Olympic basketball team will not do very well against the American semi-pros from Georgetown and other Ivory Towers—most of these guys are 11 feet tall—but then there's always weightlifting.

Of course, the Olympics stink like a long-dead mackerel; consider, for example, the political exclusion of Nationalist Chinese athletes from Montreal in 1976, or the fact that Zola Budd, a 17-year-old white South African, who may be the fastest female middle-distance runner in the world, very likely will not compete this summer because of political exclusion (she is trying to run for Britain). Yes, the Olympics really do stink, for anyone who cares about athletic integrity; and, come to think of it, maybe the Soviets should compete alone, while everyone else stays away. No one gives a damn about them or their career amateur athletes or their steroid freaks or hormone globs; but they will come; it is their kind of event. And we will protect them from terrorists—and accept their defectors.

A Certain Nonchalance

In Nicaragua, no one's glum,
  Nor are the lawyers trembly,
Since World Court judges all hail from
  The General Assembly.

W. H. VON DREELE

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NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Memo to: All interested and interesting Americans
From: WFB
Re: Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Dr. E. etc., our renowned European correspondent, will undertake his annual lecture tour throughout the United States beginning in mid-September. If you would like to arrange for an appearance by the world's most fascinating man, write to him. Address: A-6072 Lans, Tyrol, Austria.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Being a Canadian graduate student with left-of-center leanings I find myself feeling more than a little treasonous in revealing to *NR* a decisively anti-liberal weapon; but if you promise not to say who told you I'll let you in on a secret. If you ever want to convert poor misguided Democrats to your cause, don't waste time and energy on such weary techniques as debate and logic (these hardly ever work). Instead, just send them to an extremely left-wing British university, give them a few seminars with socialist "revolutionaries" whose favorite pastimes include gate-crashing military installations (gives a whole new meaning to the once-American hobby of "cruising," doesn't it?), and wham! —they'll be defending Ronnie like Trojans in no time. I know: I just escaped my seminar within a hair of my Harris tweed. Maybe if I lie low for a while they won't notice when I slip off to Oxford in two months. (Anyway, don't tell anyone I squealed—OK?)

Sincerely,
John de la Mothe
Brighton, England

Dear J: Won't tell a soul. Cordially, —WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The significance of the Democratic candidates' last initials is greater than Gregory Downing realizes ("Notes & Asides," March 23). Since 1968, every presidential election has been won by the ticket that achieved the greater alphabetical distance in last initials: N-A (13) over H-M (5); N-A (13) over M-S (6); C-M (10) over F-D (2); R-B (16) over C-M (10). Furthermore, every winning ticket except Carter-Mondale represented both halves of the alphabet. From this analysis we may infer the following:

1. Perhaps the real reason McGovern canned Eagleton was in a desperate attempt to appease what Downing calls the "second-halfers."

2. In 1976, a Reagan-Schweiker ticket never stood a chance, but Ford might have won had he kept Rockefeller!

Finally, Mr. Downing's comments pose a serious question for Senator Hart. If he was truly concerned for the lowly and oppressed in this country, why didn't he change his name to Gary Pence?

Sincerely yours,
John R. Muether
Holland, Mich.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Independent analysts have perceived the nasty truth for some years now. But the media have just begun to catch on to the trend. One of our brave boys at the front, in the *Wall Street Journal* of December 30, buried deeply in his column of print the revelation that "support for the U.S. in Congress has waned in recent years." Now, the editors will no doubt avow that this was a typographical error; the reporter may never be heard from again. But I think that some of us know, and is it not wonderful how, once in a while on God's green earth, the truth will out?

Respectfully submitted,
Joel David Sweek
Austin, Tex.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

After reading "The Feminist Mistake" (March 23) we find ourselves baffled as to the reason why you have stooped to printing what must be *National Enquirer* reject material—or perhaps you are harboring latent *Cosmopolitan* writers on your staff.

If the article were [*sic*] meant to be funny, we were far from amused—and we find it incomprehensible that a national publication of your stature should be so desperate for sales that it should resort to sensationalistic, amateur psychoanalysis catering to low-ego males.

If it were not for our moral and professional convictions against censorship, we would remove this degrading material from our library; instead we choose to use it as an example of poor and biased "reporting."

We are sending a copy of this letter to our local and state library supervisors so that they may be alerted to your publication's relaxation of standards. We personally will be monitoring forthcoming issues of NATIONAL REVIEW to re-evaluate its educational value in our collection and will certainly give great thought to renewing our subscription.

Sincerely,
Terry Lott, Head Librarian
Rayza Carballo, Assistant Librarian
F. T. Nicholls High School Library
New Orleans, La.

Dear Mmes. Lott and Carballo: Thank you for your reassurance that you will in the future give great thought to anything at all. If it hurts, try aspirin. Cordially, **—WFB**

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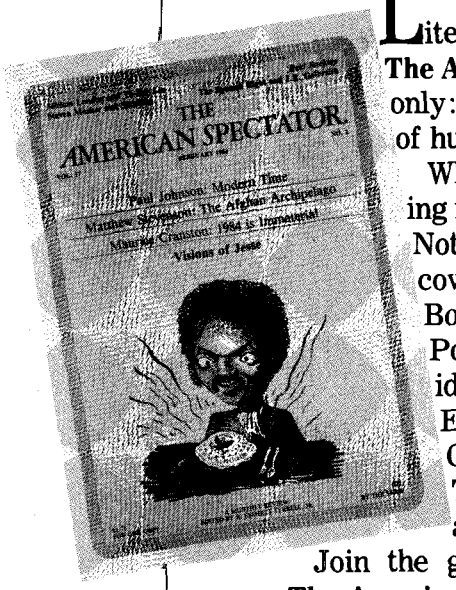

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DYING PARTIES?

DURING THE LULL between the Pennsylvania primary (April 10) and the Texas primary (May 5), Washington talk has drifted to certain wider and cooler issues ("thumbsuckers"), like whether Mondale will have the delegate arithmetic before the convention (yes). The lull's mega-thumbsucker, however, is this: Are we watching the slow demise of the Democratic Party? Or, as columnist Joe Kraft put it while meditating on the Mondale/Hart bloodletting, Is the party of minorities becoming the minority party? Almost the same question was reasked by veteran political writer Teddy White, who, in reviewing the monumental impact that the banishment of runoffs from Southern primaries would have—an objective that Jesse Jackson seeks—wondered whether the solidly Democratic South would become de facto Republican. Kevin Phillips tends to see the Democratic splintering in doomsday terms.

Certainly the strains in the Democratic coalition are seismic. Jesse Jackson's slur on the Jewish community has rammed a wedge between blacks and Jews, two hitherto symbiotically related Democratic blocs. That split has been abundantly publicized. Less noticed, but heard on the street in Washington in the talk of upscale blacks, is an unguarded delight in the fact that Jesse is proving himself to be so much his own man, and "not taking orders from Jews." Martin Luther King, according to this view, was very much under Jewish control, as are black mayors Thomas Bradley (Los Angeles), Coleman Young (Detroit), and even Andrew Young (Atlanta), who briefly strayed off the reservation on the PLO issue but is now squarely back in the corral, Atlanta having lots of Jewish money. The point is that the breach between the two communities is deeper than anyone (except outspoken blacks) will admit.

Reverend Jackson is also tearing at the fabric of another Democratic alliance, namely the black/labor coalition. Recall that last autumn Jesse said the United States would have a black President long before the AFL-CIO would.

Jackson's third wedge into the Democratic coalition is the runoff. He wants to jettison runoff elections from Southern primaries. Without the runoff, a simple plurality, howsoever thin, would make for a winner, and in multicandidate races blacks would find it relatively easy to gain pluralities. But there's no way that Southern whites, in the bulk, will vote for black candidates—just as blacks cast *their* ballots on a blacks-vote-black basis. All of which means that the once-solid South could fragment if Jackson succeeds in pushing his point.

Gary Hart, too, is doing his bit to fracture the coalition. The hero of baby-boom politics, Hart looks to the upwardly mobile, neoliberal, and technocratic constituencies—the moralizing brie and chablis set that has been costumed in a variety of outsider roles largely fashioned (as Phillips notes) by Pat Caddell. Confronting this group are old-line Democrats who believe that Hart represents a threat to the system—New England Irish, Alabama country folk, smokestack workers in Baltimore, Akron, and Detroit, European ethnics, blacks, Hispanics. They are cool to Hart, as they were cool to McGovern and to Carter.

BUT COALITION STRAIN is not only a Democratic phenomenon; the GOP, too, is breaking apart and reassembling. On the left are the suburban, Hart-style, relatively liberal Republicans who focus on the environment, the ERA, abortion (freedom of choice), arms control, the deficit, and Central America (no involvement). This is the constituency that will vote for Elliot Richardson over Ray Shamie in the Massachusetts GOP senatorial primary. Relatively rootless, these Richardson Republicans would defect to a Democratic candidate just as easily as Hart Democrats would defect to, say, Elliot Richardson. Within this same Republican church, by the way, one finds other establishment types like Howard Baker, George Bush, and Robert Dole, although in different pews and on the other side of the nave.

A second faction in the Republican Party is the neopopulists, led by Richard Viguerie (and Jack Kemp). Still not fully defined, this segment sees itself as the voice of the middle class, alienated and powerless in the face of massive institutions like the AFL-CIO, big banks, big corporations, big government, and big movements (like Jesse Jackson's blacks). The neopopulist structure is undergirded by a network of social issues, which both attract and repel other available constituencies. Some of this group (including Viguerie himself) have become disenchanted with Ronald Reagan and are talking about starting a new party in 1986.

A third segment within the Republican Party is the Archie Bunkers and suchlike far-right exotics.

Ronald Reagan, curiously, has been able to straddle all these groups, but particularly the last two, even though he occasionally does things (like "bailing out the banks") that get their dander up. Reagan, again curiously, appears to be more a man of the people than either Hart (trendy McGovernite) or Mondale (baby fat). Reagan's America-first nationalism and his economic frontiersmanship help reinforce that populist image. But what happens to the party after Reagan is gone? With such fissures and stresses, are the two political parties destined for extinction? Hardly. The two-party system may not be solid in terms of constituencies, but it is eternal as a frame of ideological reference for voters. Neopopulists take note. □

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LABOR, SI! UNIONS, NO!

A FEW WEEKS ago Michael Novak argued (*NR*, April 6) that conservatives don't pay enough attention to "labor," and that "laboring people" tend also to be "family people, oriented toward 'conservative' social and moral values." I couldn't agree more. A political movement that does not enjoy the support of working people is likely to be little more than an attempt to consolidate privilege. That is exactly what is wrong with present-day liberalism. It is an alliance of elites who have attempted to enlist the support of working people as dependents rather than as equals.

Novak added: "In foreign policy, I would trust labor-union leaders ahead of bankers 99 per cent of the time." I agree there, too. And it occurs to me: Is there any way we can find employment for the AFL-CIO leadership at the State Department? Labor leaders at least understand that some people are on your side and others are not. This clarity has a way of eluding both bankers and State Department "wets."

But Novak went on to say that a conservative movement "without . . . labor unions is a ship without a hull," and there I cannot agree. I would riposte with C. Northcote Parkinson's observation that a labor union "is a ship which exists for the benefit of its crew." But the lack of external purpose, debilitating as it is to trade unions, is not the feature of unionism that interests me today. The great defect of trade unions is that they are implicitly coercive in nature, and often explicitly so. As such I do not believe that their activities are laudable from the point of view of someone who would judge economic activity by Christian criteria.

As Morgan O. Reynolds, a Texas A&M economics professor, points out in his recent book, *Power and Privilege: Labor Unions in America*, the elaborate pretense of unions is that their activities are directed against *management*. In fact, unions are antagonistic to *labor*. "Unions compete with those who sell substitutes for members' services," Reynolds writes, "which means other forms of labor—members of rival unions, foreign workers, strikebreakers, non-union workers . . ."

Perhaps I can best illustrate this by an anecdote. Recently I flew from Washington to Los Angeles on one of those reorganized, non-union airlines that earlier had come close to bankruptcy, thanks to its union contracts. At the baggage area in Los Angeles I noticed the picketing pilots and flight attendants carrying signs saying "Unfair to Labor." But I had found the airfare fair to the customer.

I returned to Washington on one of the regular airlines—a more expensive flight. As I entered the cabin I accidentally pulled from my pocket the ticket envelope from my earlier flight. The attendant looked at it, pointed out my mistake, and said: "You don't fly with them, do you?"

"Oh yes I do," I said. "They're less expensive. They're non-union."

By collective bargaining and by the general intimidation of picketing—and sometimes this can turn violent, as in England of late—unions attempt to exclude certain workers from the job: those who are willing to do the work for less than the negotiated contract. From the unions' point of view, the success of such negotiations depends precisely on their ability to exclude non-union (i.e., market-wage) workers in the future. Ostensibly, unions negotiate at a table. In practice they "negotiate" at the factory gate. In antitrust parlance, they act as "barriers to entry," but are nonetheless exempt from the antitrust laws.

If the union tactics succeed, then the employer is forced to pay a premium for labor. This extra cost will be passed on to customers, who will pay the extra price only so long as they don't have anywhere else to go. (That is why union organizing has been particularly successful in recent years in the public sector: Governments enjoy a monopoly.) But if they do have somewhere else to go—to a non-union airline, for example—then the unionized outfit will in the long run tend to be driven out of business unless salary adjustments are made.

Unintended Consequences

THE AIRLINE INDUSTRY was for many years protected by federal price (fare) and route regulations. Until 1978, potential rivals (new airlines) had dim prospects of attracting customers because the law forbade them to offer lower fares or to enter routes without permission from the Civil Aeronautics Board. This permission was rarely granted, so the CAB in effect constituted a barrier to entry on behalf of the industry. Moreover, the existing airlines were not allowed to compete with one another on the same routes by lowering fares. Thus the government preserved a status quo that was expensive for customers.

But with deregulation, competition was permitted, new airlines arose, and the structure of unionized labor in the industry was bound to come under pressure. Thus the collapse of Braniff early in 1983, and the near collapse of Continental Airlines later that year. The interesting thing is that airline deregulation was strongly supported by liberals in Congress, in particular by Senator Edward Kennedy. One wonders if he knew that the new law would put a strain on the unions. Liberals these days do have a way of engineering unintended consequences.

In summary, unions depend upon force for their survival, whether it be the force of government or the force of pickets. And I cannot see how coercion and Christianity go hand in hand. Labor, *sí*! Unions, *no*! □

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PEACE AND REPRESSION

THE LATE Josef Stalin had got it right, in a way his successors have never managed. He knew that repression is indivisible, far more so than Litvinov's peace. If you want to do the thing properly, you have to be prepared to kill millions, to torture, to banish, to terrorize, so that even your closest friends dread the knock on the door at 5 A.M.

In comparison, the Brezhnevs, the Andropovs, and the Chernenkos are mere amateurs. One would be pardoned for thinking, nevertheless, that the legal apparatus of repression was by now long since in a state of absolute perfection, the blades of the penal code honed to razor sharpness.

But that would be reckoning without the inbuilt perfectionism of Soviet legislators. I am prompted to these reflections by recent news that a new law has been added to the code, providing stiff penalties for any Soviet dissenter unwise enough to accept financial or other support from abroad.

Again, one would have thought that Article 70, as it stood, was enough for the requirements of zealots understandably feeling the need to suppress dissidents. Under it, after all, many dissidents have been sentenced to labor camps or "internal exile" (e.g., to places like Gorky or, worse still, the Arctic Circle, far from the fleshpots of Moscow or Leningrad).

But no, Article 70 was too lenient. So the new drafting provides for a prison sentence of up to ten years, with a possible further five years' internal exile, for the crime of accepting help from foreign sources.

The aim is clear: to defeat the intended effects of Solzhenitsyn's aid fund, set up from the royalties of his Gulag series, and any funds sent by Jewish or Christian groups to help those brave enough to be refuseniks.

The interesting point for European unilateralists and American freezeniks to note is that Article 70 was, anyway, the standard ploy used by the Soviet authorities to break those bold enough to campaign for peace on terms other than those officially favored.

Thus, on October 13, 1983, Oleg Radzinsky, who had already been held incommunicado by the police for one year, was sentenced to a further year's "deprivation of freedom" and five years in internal exile. The prosecution had found him guilty, over the years, of propagating slanderous allegations vilifying the Soviet state and social system.

What in fact Mr. Radzinsky had done was to have joined ten others in setting up the "Group for Establishing Trust between the USSR and U.S.A." Although the group supported the Soviet peace proposals, it also called for the total liquidation of weapons of mass murder and for a dialogue between the peoples of the USSR and the U.S., with full information available to the public in both countries.

It was this that stuck in the gullets of the Soviet lawmakers and enforcers. In the peace business, as in all others, there is only one tolerated version of the truth, and any attempt to equate the American side with the Soviet is treasonable.

Imperialist Threat

NOR IS Article 70 the only legal stick available to Soviet authorities intent on beating peace dissidents. Other useful weapons are Article 6 of the Soviet Constitution, which gives the Communist Party of the Soviet Union a monopoly on policy-making both at home and abroad, and Article 62, which obligates all Soviet citizens to "safeguard the interests of the Soviet state and to enhance its power and prestige." These are the clauses, perhaps above all others, that determine the totalist character of the Soviet regime: Not only are ordinary people denied any say in policy, but, for good measure, they are supposed to say out loud that they love the Party's policies.

A recurring dramatis persona in this space is the durable Boris Ponomarev, head of the International Department of the Central Committee, which, inter alia, determines the foreign policy that the Foreign Ministry then is obliged to carry out. Doubtless it will be Ponomarev's turn, before very long, to contribute a funeral in Moscow: He is 79. Meanwhile, he goes on performing. On February 25, *Pravda* reported him as saying:

> The fraternal parties rightly see their major task as being the expansion of the antiwar movement and the strengthening of cooperation between its various tributaries. Communists are doing a great deal to ensure that the masses clearly see that the threat to peace comes from imperialism. There is now taking place an unprecedented politicization of the population in the capitalist countries, an evident increasing intervention by the masses in foreign policy.

Such candor is in direct line with Lenin's cynical reference to the "useful idiots" who were supposed to do the work of Communists from the best of non-Communist motives. Outside the Soviet empire, the "masses" (i.e., those who join street marches in favor of unilateral renunciation of the bomb by the West) are encouraged to intervene in foreign policy. At home (although Ponomarev didn't get around to mentioning it) those bold enough to act upon his advice to foreign "masses" fall afoul of Article 70.

You would not guess from Boris Ponomarev's words that the great Soviet "peace" offensive had ended in failure with the beginning of the deployment of Pershing II and cruise missiles in Britain, Germany, and Italy, and the failure of Congress to defeat President Reagan's defense plans. But then, Communism flourishes on the nonrecognition of failure. And on repression. □

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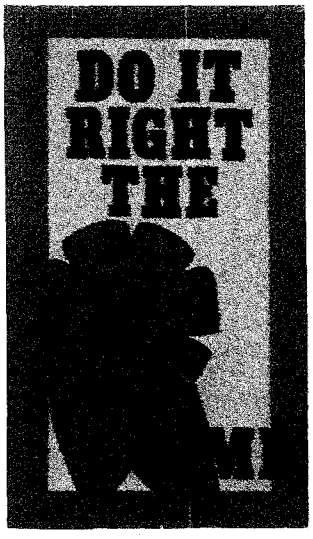

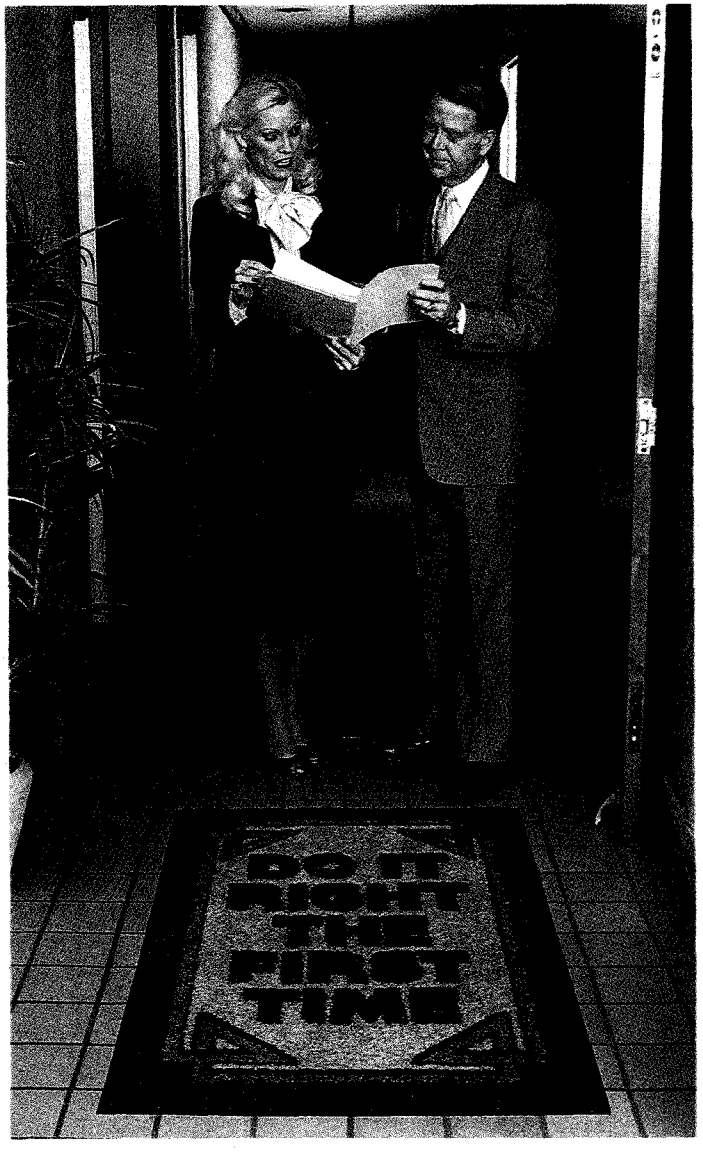

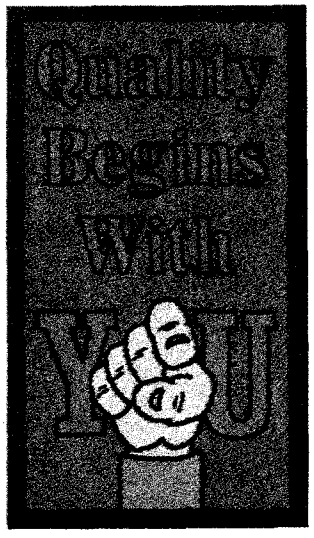

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FROM HYMIE'S SON

THERE'S A PLACE *down off Maxwell Street called "Jewtown." Understand? Jewtown is where Hymie gets you if you can't negotiate them suits down, you understand? That's not meant as anti-Semitic . . . you go down to Jewtown . . . and you start negotiating . . . and if Hyman and Sons show up, they're called Hymie. There's no insult, even to them.*

—Jesse Jackson, quoted in Newsweek

Dear Jesse:

As a matter of fact, I understand perfectly. I don't know Maxwell Street from Delancey, but growing up in New Orleans I knew Rampart Street, where, it was said, the niggers did their Saturday shopping. I also remember that my father didn't like the word "nigger," though the people who did would argue that it wasn't meant as an insult—that black people themselves used it. But my father knew better. Whether black people used it was beside the point, he told me. The word was offensive and if we, as Jews, didn't understand why, then four thousand years of history hadn't taught us much.

My father was an odd man, Jesse—by your lights, an odd Jew. Although his name was Hymie, he didn't fit your stereotype. In his prime, before the bottom fell out in 1932, he ran a neighborhood grocery, not a clothing store. In those days, small grocers did business on credit—not Visa or American Express, just customer tabs—and when the full impact of the Depression hit the neighborhood, Hymie was caught in a squeeze. There were due bills from his suppliers, but his customers—many of them black families—were short of cash. Years later, when I asked my father why his grocery store had gone under, he said, "Because you don't cut off credit to a regular customer buying milk for her baby."

You Don't Recall?

So much for Hymie's cunning skill at negotiation. But that's neither here nor there, because I doubt, Jesse, that this little family story will make much of a dent in your carapace of bigotry. I know first-hand—having heard it from the horse's mouth—the deep, abiding nature of your anti-Jewish animus.

You don't recall the conversation? Let me refresh your recollection. For starters, just to set the ethics of the situation straight, it wasn't off the record. Nor am I one of those passengers who sit in an airplane cabin with an ear cocked to conversations going on around them. But in this case, five years ago in Atlanta, it would have been hard not to overhear the gist of what you were telling your traveling companion, Congressional Delegate Walter Fauntroy.

JACKSON: "I don't care what they say, you just can't trust the Jews."

FAUNTROY: "No, you can't."

JACKSON: "I never have trusted *those people*."

Remember the occasion, Jesse? All right, a little more detail: We were in the front compartment of a Delta flight to Washington, still on the ground at the Atlanta airport. I was in an aisle seat, reading a magazine, when you and Fauntroy boarded, having just attended a much-publicized meeting of the NAACP. According to press reports, it had been quite a session, the focus of discussion being the NAACP's queasiness over your (and Fauntroy's) recent embrace of Arafat and the PLO. We were the first passengers on board, waiting for the others to arrive. As I recall, you were in a business suit (not your standard khaki safari outfit of that period), and you had worked up something of a lather en route to the airport. That much I gathered by the way you blew past the stewardess and began declaiming once you were seated, one row behind me. Believe me, I tried—well, half-tried—not to pay attention. But hearing the word "Jews" uttered by Jesse Jackson at that time was too much for my curiosity, journalistic and otherwise.

"I never have trusted *those people*." And then, repeated. "You just can't trust 'em, just can't trust 'em."

Well, now. Call me a hypersensitive Hymie's son, but there was an unmistakable twist to the way you kept saying, "those people"—a tone of contempt, an inflection of loathing—that had me reaching for my pen and pad, just to make sure I had the quotes

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right. Until that moment, I hadn't considered your new-found interest in the Middle East as anything but another Jesse Jackson Special, a media caper aimed at headlines and cameras. True, the idea had occurred to me that, as with most of your capers, you could be looking for a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. In this case, embracing the Palestinian cause might (and did) bring in Arab contributions. But the idea that Jesse Jackson, a civil-rights icon of American liberalism, could actually share with the American Nazi Party and the KKK an aversion to "those people"—that came as a stunner.

'Fundamental' Issues

The plane filled, the engines started up, and we were on our way. Frankly, Jesse, I would have liked to overhear more, but row-to-row communication at 35,000 feet isn't too reliable for someone who wants to be absolutely sure what's being said. Your earlier quotes, though—I was sure enough of those to consider the possibility of writing a newspaper or magazine piece. But once down to earth, I reconsidered. After all, what did I have? Only a distasteful ethnic slur made by a public figure aboard an aircraft. That might be sufficient to create a *cause célèbre* coming from a Republican Cabinet member, but not from a liberal icon. No, aside from mentioning the episode to my family and a few friends, I simply tucked our one-sided conversation into the folds of my mind as I watched you move from caper to caper over the years. It didn't surprise me when you complained of being "sick and tired of hearing about the Holocaust," and I hardly needed an item-by-item report from the Anti-Defamation League to confirm your animus toward Jews. What did take me aback, however, was the world-class creativity you showed in describing those folks "down off Maxwell Street": I had thought I knew every racial and religious epithet going, but until Jesse Jackson came along I'd never heard my father's name invoked as an ethnic non-insult.

So you see, Jesse, I do understand you and your "new direction" only too well. I understand that *you* understand that your real talent lies not in your ability to rouse black audiences—Louis Farrakhan can do that as well—but to pull the strings on white liberal guilt. You have a genius for it, a gift that leaves liberals—including Jewish liberals—praising your "crusade for peace and justice," even as you assault them; that leads *New York Times* columnist Sydney Schanberg to confess that he "struggled for some time against writing" a piece criticizing you "because the issues raised by Mr. Jackson are fundamental and humane and because describing him as a polarizer could damage those issues" (would he have had the same struggle over a polarizing white demagogue raising the same "fundamental" issues?); that leads the *Times* to credit you with bringing new "respect" to "black aspirations" even as your friend Farrakhan lauds Hitler as "great" because he "raised up" his people—which is only to say he brought new respect to German aspirations. Or is that interpretation unfair—to compare, if only in passing, a racist demagogue merely "sick and tired of hearing about the Holocaust" to the racist dictator who created it?

Not by my lights, Jesse, for I take Farrakhan at his word when he directs the aspirations of black audiences—*your* audiences—toward hatred not only of "those people" but of all white devils (not to mention black "traitors" to your cause). And you? "I am a black who happened to be born in America," you say, defining your mission, not "an American who happened to be born black." What more do we need to understand that your racist soulmate, Louis Farrakhan, has a better grasp of your "crusade's" ultimate aim than does the *New York Times*?

Quite a caper, Jesse—running not so much for President of the United States as for Duce of the Disadvantaged. Some "new direction": the racial cant, the charismatic spellbinder, the class-war rhetoric, the crowd in heat. I think we've been in this direction before. As Hymie would say, If your fatuous apologists don't understand that, then the history of the past half-century hasn't taught them much. □

Mr. Gold is national correspondent for Washingtonian *magazine.*

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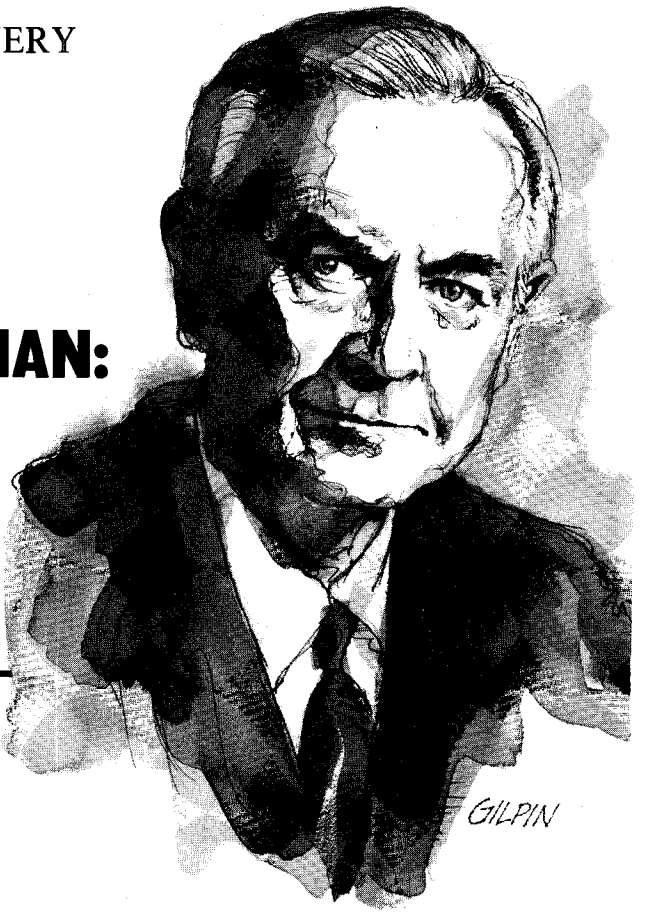
STEPHEN J. MARKMAN & ALFRED S. REGNERY

THE MIND OF JUSTICE BRENNAN: A 25-YEAR TRIBUTE



SHORTLY BEFORE he stood for re-election in 1956, President Eisenhower received a bit of good news—news that not only might help in his campaign, but also presented an opportunity to establish the sort of legacy that every President wishes to leave. Sherman Minton, an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, would retire on October 15, allowing Ike to make his third appointment to the Court in as many years. Eisenhower and his advisors accordingly developed a set of standards for the latest appointment, some designed to help the re-election effort, and others, to enhance the Supreme Court. The new judge should have previous judicial experience and should be held in high esteem by his colleagues on the bench and by the American Bar Association. Eisenhower also wanted a Catholic, someone from the Northeast, and, if he could find one, a Democrat, to emphasize the nonpartisan nature of his Administration. Most importantly, Eisenhower wanted a "judicial conservative" who would see his job as deciding cases according to law, rather than using the law as a tool to shape society to fit his own social and political preferences.

Not long thereafter, Attorney General Herbert Brownell met William Brennan, then a young Associate Justice of the New Jersey Supreme Court, at a conference on judicial administration. Arthur Vanderbilt, Chief Justice of the New Jersey court, had planned to speak at the conference but had fallen ill and sent Brennan in his stead. Brownell was impressed with Brennan and recommended him to Eisenhower, as did the staunchly Republican Chief Justice Vanderbilt. Brennan seemed the perfect nominee: He had a reputation as a competent jurist, was well known in New Jersey political circles, was an Irish Catholic, and was a Democrat who had been appointed to the bench by a Republican governor. And, of course, anyone who had the enthusiastic support of Vanderbilt and Brownell must be a judicial conservative. President Eisenhower's press secretary later said that when Eisenhower offered Brennan the appointment, "I never saw a man say yes so fast."

There is a story that after the announcement of the Brennan appointment Eisenhower received an irate phone call from a friend in New Jersey who wondered why the President was appointing a liberal to the Supreme Court. Ike responded that Brennan was no liberal, and referred his friend to the text of the speech the new Justice had delivered at that judicial conference, which was very conservative in its tone. The friend, so the story goes, informed Eisenhower that Brennan had not written that speech at all, but had merely delivered the speech that Chief Justice Vanderbilt would have given had he been able to attend.

Brennan was sworn in shortly before the 1956 election, with Eisenhower receiving accolades from the press and the public for his selection. The *New York Times*, announcing who the appointee would be, headlined its story, "Choice for Court Free of Politics."

Today, after more than a quarter-century of service on the High Court—a tenure exceeded by only a handful of Justices—William Brennan remains a figure largely overlooked by the public. Yet an examination of Brennan's opinions, and his influence upon the opinions of his colleagues, suggests that there is no individual in this country, on or off the Court, who has had a more profound and sustained impact upon public policy in the United States for the past 27 years. Perhaps more than anyone else, Justice Brennan is responsible for the current dominance of the Supreme Court within our constitutional system, and for the transformation of the federal judiciary from its traditional status as a body that interpreted the laws into a

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"super-legislature" where the judges' own policy choices become supreme law. Even the ostensibly "conservative" Burger Court routinely exerts more impact upon society in each of its weekly forays into decision-making in May or June than Congress does in a whole legislative session.

Brennan's influence, however, goes far beyond the realm of abstract jurisprudence. Rather, the man in the street need merely look about himself, at the quality and nature of the education received by his children, at the employment practices followed by his employer, at the social environment in his community, at the quality of justice meted out by his local courts, and at the uses to which his tax dollars are put, to begin to appreciate the contributions of Justice Brennan to the world in which he lives. To the extent that the America of 1984 is different from the America of 1956, the man appointed by Ike because of his "conservative" views on the role of the courts is in significant part responsible.

We are accustomed to thinking of Earl Warren (along with, perhaps, Justices Black and Douglas) as the decisive figure in reshaping the Supreme Court—and, hence, our whole judicial landscape. But, although Warren's influence on the Court can hardly be questioned, close analysis of Brennan's role indicates that he was the one responsible for making the Warren Court what it became. As Professor Edward V. Heck, a scholar who has followed his career closely, observed: "Justice Brennan, even more than the Chief Justice, . . . deserves to be remembered as the cutting edge of Warren Court liberalism." It was Brennan who provided the leadership and intellect during the early period of the Warren Court, and Brennan who was the major force in institutionalizing the Warren Court's opinions long after it had given way to a new era. We might well recall President Eisenhower's backhanded equating of the importance of Justice Brennan and Chief Justice Warren. Asked if he had made any mistakes during his years in the White House, Ike responded, "Yes, two; and they are both sitting on the Supreme Court."

It is ironic that Brennan is so little known among the general public. As seven presidential elections and 14 congressional elections have been the focus of national political attention and enthusiasm, and as heroes of the Right, Left, and Center have risen and fallen and occasionally risen again, William Brennan has served on the Court with his own agenda. This agenda has not been subject to the constraints of the ebb and flow of public opinion. And it is William Brennan's agenda, not the agenda of Edward Kennedy or Barry Goldwater, or even Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, or Jimmy Carter, that has become the agenda of America for most of a quarter-century.

In a commencement address to the Notre Dame Law School in 1969, Justice Brennan outlined his judicial philosophy—or, if you will, his political agenda for America. He said: "Our framework is the activist philosophy of government that emerged from the Depression of the 1930s. Our governmental response to that great crisis marked our beginnings as what has been called a Positive State. The positive state conceives of government as having an affirmative role—a positive duty to make provisions for jobs, social security, medical care, housing, and thereby give real substance to our established values of liberty, equality, and dignity." On crime, he observed: "We cannot focus public attention on the lawlessness in the streets and not on its causes—poverty and prejudice." He spoke sympathetically of a conception of law that is aggressive in its pursuit of carefully defined ends: "Lawyers must bring real morality into the legal consciousness. . . . Those who dwell in urban tenements and rural shacks, as well as their sympathizers, seeing no tangible results, ask what good are laws and court decisions."

They do not ask these questions about decisions written by William Brennan. His concern for the positive state is reflected with rock-solid consistency in the more than four hundred opinions he has written in his 27 years on the Court. Brennan has been unswervingly committed to the most extreme version of the modern liberal conception of civil rights. This commitment has been marked by a lack of regard for competing values (such as federalism or the need to maintain the integrity of private-property rights) and an easy ability to shift his support from the color-blind objectives of the older civil-rights community to the color-conscious programs of affirmative action. He has been a supporter of expanded rights for criminal defendants, to the point of subordinating the traditional judicial pursuit of truth to the new pursuit of the procedurally perfect trial. He has been resolute in his defense of the "rights" of those he perceives as underdogs, including the right of individuals to welfare and the right of Communist Party members to teach in the public schools, but casual in upholding the lines of demarcation between federal and state action, public and private action, and judicial and legislative action.

Even more remarkable than his advocacy of the positive state is Brennan's willingness, even his eagerness, to use the Court as a vehicle to transform his ideology into law—to make his ideals a way of life. The political philosophies of Justice Brennan and, say, the late Felix Frankfurter differ in little more than is explicable by a generation's difference in age. But Frankfurter had strong reservations about transforming his policy choices into law, and often pointed out to his brethren on the Court that they were judges, not congressmen. In his dissent in *Baker* v. *Carr*, a decision that is one of the landmarks of Justice Brennan's career, Frankfurter warned that "there is not under our Constitution a judicial remedy for every political mischief. In a democratic society like ours, relief must come through and around popular consensus that sears the conscience of the people's representatives."

Brennan did not start the trend toward the Court as legislature: He didn't get there early enough. But he has continued and expanded the notion unabashedly, to the extent that his theory of the positive state has become, to a great degree, a way of life for the nation. A brief assessment of several lines of Brennan jurisprudence will serve to illustrate the enormous impact his opinions have had.

•REAPPORTIONMENT•

Prior to *Baker* v. *Carr* (1962), questions of legislative apportionment and redistricting were left largely to the discretion of the legislative bodies themselves—Congress, the state legislature, the county commission, the city council. These matters were considered "political questions" and, as such, inappropriate for the federal judiciary. In *Baker*, however, the Supreme Court reversed this doctrine and al-

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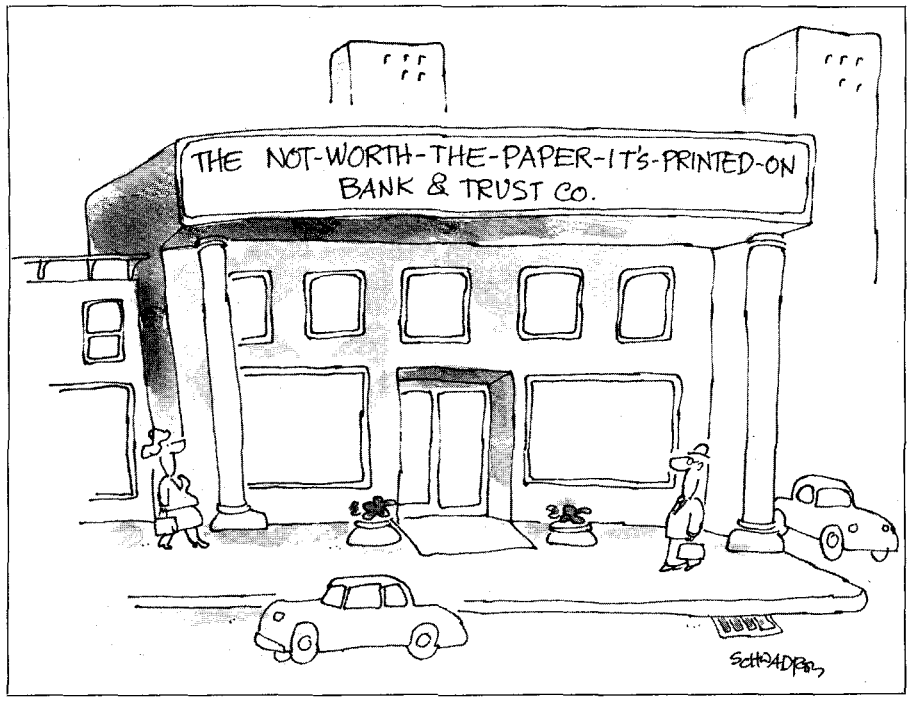

lowed a court challenge to a Tennessee districting scheme that did not provide for equally populated legislative districts. Observing that the plaintiffs had a "plain, direct, and adequate interest in maintaining the effectiveness of their votes," Brennan found the scheme potentially in violation of the Equal Protection Clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. The litigative floodgates were thus thrown open as the Court appropriated the power to handle the difficult and politically sensitive questions arising out of the apportionment and districting processes.

In a series of decisions handed down two years later, the Court, exercising the new power assumed in *Baker*, required the alteration of virtually every election district in the country that did not meet the newly developed constitutional standard of "one man, one vote" (except those for the United States Senate, which are protected by the explicit language of the Constitution). As if to underscore his disagreement with Justice Harlan—who had dissented in *Baker* on the grounds that the Constitution did not prohibit the states from considering factors other than "bare numbers" in establishing electoral systems—Justice Brennan went on to write opinions affirming that the objective of the Equal Protection Clause was electoral districts that satisfied as precisely as possible the requirement of population equality.* He remarked that "to accept population variances, large or small, in order to create districts with specific interest orientation" was inconsistent with the Constitution.

It is interesting to contrast Brennan's concern over the impropriety of creating districts with "specific interest orientation" with his dissent some years later in an important case relating to the requirements of the Voting Rights Act and the Fifteenth Amendment. In rejecting the "equal opportunity" analysis of discrimination adopted by the Court, Brennan argued instead for an "equal results" analysis in which the numbers of *successful* minority candidates for public office would be the decisive consideration. As William Van Alstyne, a law professor at Duke University, has argued, the impact of this conception of "discrimination" would be to create "racially defined wards throughout much of the nation and compel the worst tendencies toward race-based allegiances and divisions." Thus, while Brennan opposed legislative districting that recognized city or county boundaries, or boundaries between urban and rural communities, feeling that it might detract from the abacus-like pursuit of "one man, one vote," he would require that the racial or color makeup of a district be considered.

This "pervasive distrust of the legislative process," in Justice Harlan's phrase, is further reflected in Brennan's fascination with "equal protection" analysis. Not satisfied with the limited application of this concept to racial minorities, Brennan has sought (largely successfully) to extend it to such other beleaguered and oppressed groups as welfare recipients, legal and illegal aliens, nonmarried persons, indigents, transients, and illegitimate persons. Justice Stevens once described this as a game of "Who is the victim?" Legislative decisions drawing distinctions in any of these areas would have to be justified to Brennan and his colleagues.

Over the long run, *Baker* may have had as great an impact as any other single Brennan decision. This impact consists not only in transferring power from one segment of the electorate to another (rural areas lost out to metropolitan areas), but also in removing an area of decision-making from the elected representatives of the people and investing it in an unelected federal judiciary. Justice White once predicted that "in the long run, the courts . . . will be making most of the districting decisions in the several states." This is precisely what has emerged over the course of the two decades since *Baker* v. *Carr*. In state after state, those who have lost in the partisan forums of the legislatures have invariably turned to the federal judiciary as the "court of last resort" in attempting to secure more favorable districting plans.

•RACIAL CLASSIFICATIONS•

Justice Brennan has consistently been in the forefront of the revolution in civil rights during the past quarter-century. Almost without exception, he has come down on the side of revised and expanded definitions of the constitutional guarantee of "equal protection of the laws," not only during the 1950s and 1960s, as express and subtle barriers to minority advancement were being overcome, but also in more recent years, as the civil-rights community has embarked upon what many view as a U-turn down the road of affirmative action and racial preference.

One of Brennan's opinions (*Green* v. *New Kent County*, 1968) set the stage for the Court's blessing of affirmative

*In one recent decision, a New Jersey redistricting plan with a population variance of 0.1384 per cent was found not to represent a "good faith" effort to achieve population equality.

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action and introduced for the first time the idea that school districts had an "affirmative duty" to take whatever steps might be necessary to attain racial balance. It made no difference that the municipality in question—New Kent County, Virginia—had no discernible plan to place whites and blacks in different schools or otherwise treat them differently. Two facts—that a "freedom of choice" concept allowed students to choose their own schools, and that 85 per cent of the black children in the county still attended predominantly black schools—were evidence enough that something was amiss and that the federal courts had an obligation to correct what Justice Brennan perceived to be the problem.

As Justice Powell was later to observe, this decision had the effect of "transforming the concept of state neutrality into the present constitutional doctrine requiring affirmative state action to desegregate school systems," a subtle yet critical change. In place of the color-blind objective of a racially nondiscriminatory system of public schools, the new constitutional mandate required a school system in which some still ill-defined semblance of racial balance was to be achieved.

Brennan's opinion in the *New Kent County* case—putting aside the matter of the specific school system involved—clearly laid the groundwork for the series of school-busing decisions that was to follow in the federal courts. It was not long before the doctrine of "affirmative duty" was carried north to Detroit, St. Louis, and Boston, and west to Los Angeles. Perhaps even more importantly, as a matter of legal theory the decision has contributed mightily to the refocusing of discrimination analysis from process to results.

And in due course Brennan applied this rule to the workplace, in *Weber* v. *United Steelworkers* (1979). The issue was over the creation of an apprenticeship program in a Southern steel factory in which a certain number of apprenticeships were allocated to members of minority groups regardless of their seniority. A white steelworker who had been denied an employment opportunity as a result of this policy argued that the scheme violated the express prohibition in the 1964 Civil Rights Act against racial quotas.

In a remarkable decision described by several dissenting Justices as totally ignoring the clear intent of Congress, Brennan accorded legal and constitutional legitimacy to the whole idea of racial preference by businesses. He concluded that the prohibition against racial discrimination in the Civil Rights Act—including discrimination against people who are *not* members of minority groups—must be read in its "historical context" and that an interpretation which prohibited "affirmative action" was clearly not within the "spirit"—ignoring the words and legislative history—of the statute. Brennan found that the Civil Rights Act, designed to eliminate discrimination, would be "disserved" by a literal interpretation prohibiting reverse discrimination; in any event, the rights of white workers, Brennan found, were not being "*unnecessarily* trammeled."

Thus in *Weber*, through an exercise in interpretative legerdemain, the Court introduced into the Civil Rights Act an explicit tolerance for the kind of quota system merely hinted at in *New Kent County*. In effect, the absolute prohibitions against discrimination contained in the Civil Rights Act were reinterpreted to take into consideration which racial group's ox was being gored. *Weber* remains the critical decision in the institutionalization of "affirmative action" that has occurred over the past decade. One year later, Justice Brennan, in a rare exercise of judicial deference, joined the Court in upholding the constitutionality of an act of Congress guaranteeing 10 per cent of public-works funds for black contractors chosen on no other basis than the color of their skin.

•FREEDOM OF SPEECH•

William Brennan's contribution to the restructuring and reinterpretation of the First Amendment during the past quarter-century is far from insignificant. In his first year on the Court, while declaring obscenity to be outside the formal protections of the First Amendment, Justice Brennan articulated a test that, in one form or another, has been at the center of the obscenity debate ever since—a test revolving around such vague and ill-defined terms as "redeeming social importance," "prurient interest," and "dominant themes." Although ostensibly designed by Brennan as a balance between the interests of the pornographer and of the public, the test has proven to be so vague and difficult to enforce as to make it, in essence, no test at all. The result is phenomena such as New York's Times Square and Washington's 14th Street.

Justice Brennan has, to be sure, written several opinions that reject the more absolutist First Amendment approaches of some of his past colleagues, and these free-speech decisions demonstrate what is meant when he is called, by his admirers, a "pragmatic" liberal. Unlike absolutists such as Black and Douglas, who insisted that free speech meant absolute free speech, without exception, Brennan has taken an approach that is superficially more "moderate," giving away little bits of what he might have liked to get in order to preserve the greater part. Examine, for example, one of the Court's major free-speech cases, *New York Times* v. *Sullivan* (1964). The case involved an Alabama police commissioner who had obtained a large libel judgment against the *Times* for a critical advertisement placed in the paper by several civil-rights leaders. In reversing the lower court's judgment, Justice Brennan defined the issue as whether Alabama's libel law, in a case brought by a public official against critics of his official conduct, violated the free-speech and free-press guarantees of the Constitution.

Justices Black, Douglas, and Goldberg believed that there could be no restrictions on free speech and that newspapers had to be protected against all libel judgments by public officials. But they could get no other members of the Court to go along with them.

Brennan, however, who believed in nearly as broad an interpretation of the First Amendment, was able to get a majority. Instead of adhering to an absolutist reading of the free-speech guarantee, he fashioned a remedy, but only for those victimized by the most extreme offenders: If a public official could prove "actual malice," a conscious and planned effort to defame, he could recover damages. "Mere" false statements, however, even if negligently made, would be constitutionally protected. Brennan convinced five other Justices that he was giving something to each side: The journalist was protected from the great majority of lawsuits for libel, but some remedy, however difficult the

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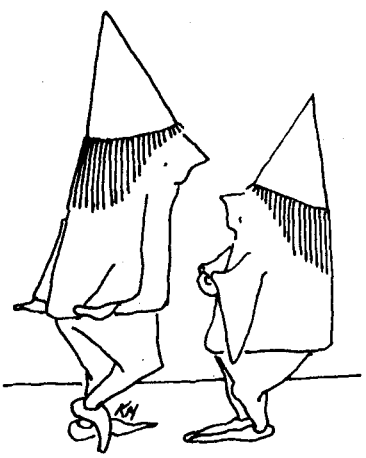
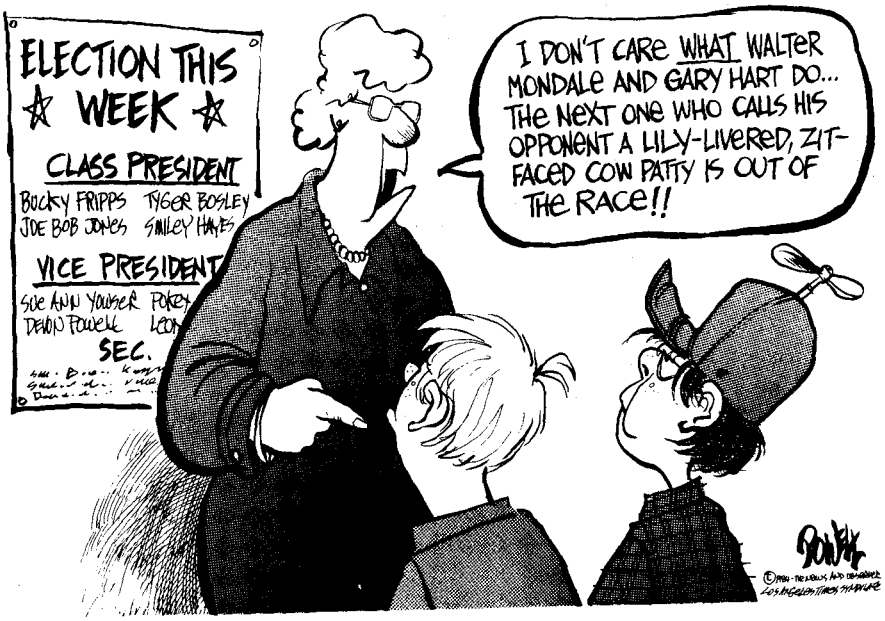
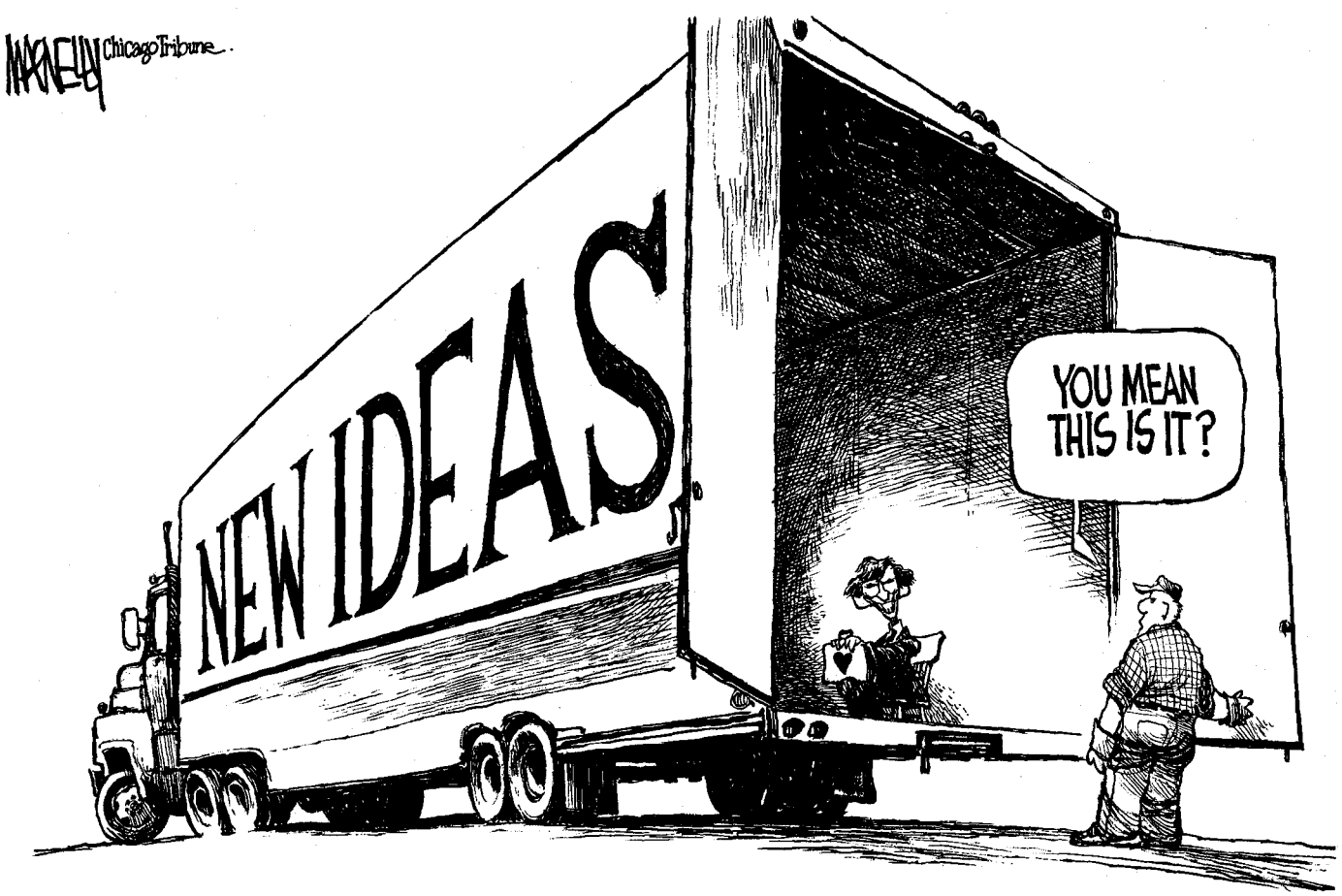


"How about an exit-poll tax to reduce the deficit?"


ELECTION THIS ☆ WEEK ☆
CLASS PRESIDENT
BUCKY FRIPPS TYGER BOSLEY
JOE BOB JONES SMILEY HAYES
VICE PRESIDENT
SUE ANN YOUSER
DEWD POWELL
SEC.
I DON'T CARE WHAT WALTER MONDALE AND GARY HART DO... THE NEXT ONE WHO CALLS HIS OPPONENT A LILY-LIVERED, ZIT-FACED COW PATTY IS OUT OF THE RACE!!



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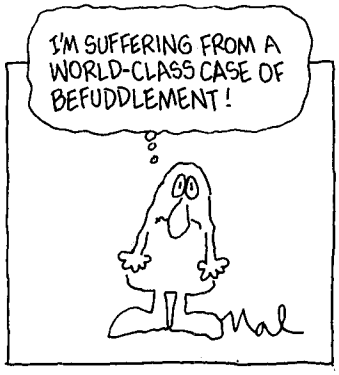
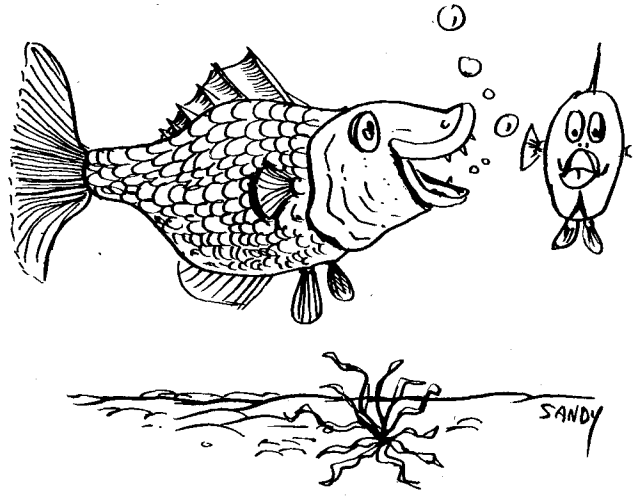
Wedding Plans

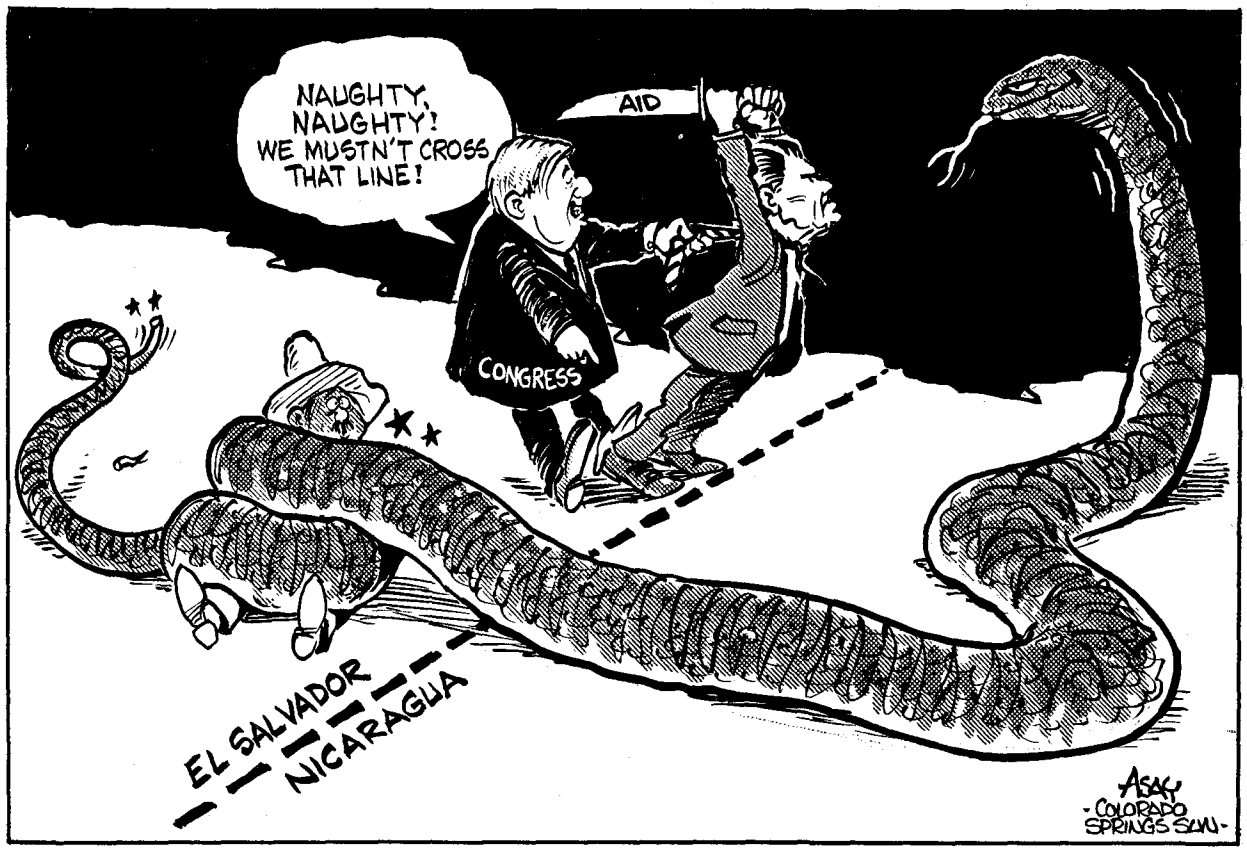
For something old, they're running Fritz;
  For something new, there's Gary.
Both dress in yards of borrowed stuff
  From FDR and Harry.
For "something blue," the party pros
  Are weeping in their hankies
As bad blood at debates recalls
  Confederates and Yankees.

W. H. von Dreele





"I hate to brag, but I was mistaken for an enemy submarine in Swedish waters."



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standard necessary to prove an infringement, was preserved. He explained his ruling by observing that public debate on issues "should be uninhibited, robust, and wide open, that it may well include vehement and caustic, and sometimes unpleasantly sharp attacks . . ." Only if a public official could prove that the falsehood was published with knowledge of falseness and with a "reckless disregard" of whether or not it was false could he recover damages.

In the interest of "uninhibited, robust, and wide open" debate, Justice Brennan argued more recently that it was unconstitutional to exclude the press during the testimony of young victims in sex-offense cases. Brennan's rules regarding public debate were not so firm, however, when the question involved individuals seeking to participate in such debate in the only effective way that most of them can: through contributions to political candidates of their choice. In 1974, he upheld as constitutional a congressional limitation of $1,000 on political campaign contributions by individuals, and he has, over the years, demonstrated only limited sympathy for the claims of workers that their unions were expending dues money to support political causes with which they disagreed.

Justice Brennan has also been in the forefront of the bloc on the Court that has successfully raised the First Amendment as an increasingly insuperable obstacle to the protection of fundamental national-security interests. Brennan's opinions, for example, have effectively proscribed registration requirements for members of subversive organizations and overturned state laws that made treasonable or seditious conduct a ground for the removal of a teacher from public-school employment. Observing that "no teacher can know just where the line is drawn between seditious and non-seditious utterances and acts," Brennan permitted no line to be drawn.

Brennan later ruled that society cannot limit access to public employment—even employment in the nation's educational institutions—to individuals either because of their refusal to take loyalty oaths or because of their status as aliens. In other words, those institutions charged with transmitting the values of society from one generation to the next can take virtually no cognizance of the primary loyalties of those who are in the most sensitive positions. As Justice Clark concluded in dissent in one of Brennan's decisions, the Court had embarked upon a weakening of "one of our most precious rights, namely the right of self-preservation."

•CRIMINAL JUSTICE•

Tackling another aspect of self-preservation, Brennan's decisions in the field of criminal justice have sharply expanded the independent review authority of the federal judiciary, particularly through the transformation of the ancient English writ of habeas corpus. Long confined to challenging the jurisdiction of sentencing courts, habeas-corpus petitions have become one of the mainstays of the criminal defendant's endless progress through the federal courts. They have effectively added a new appellate stage to a judicial process already encumbered by excessive opportunities to delay or avoid final judgments, and are now used, as a result of landmark Warren Court decisions written by Justice Brennan, as a catch-all by convicted criminals to secure further review of cases that have already been unsuccessfully appealed.

While Brennan has insisted that his interpretation of the habeas-corpus doctrine "swings open no prison gates," there can be little doubt that the flood of such petitions in recent years has resulted in the release of large numbers of state prisoners convicted of criminal acts in reasonably full and fair trials—if only because the passage of time since the original trial has made a second prosecution effectively impossible. Frivolous habeas-corpus petitions have further swamped the criminal-justice system with paperwork and created unprecedented delays in the administration of justice.

On the matter of capital punishment, the Supreme Court had repeatedly found the death penalty, although abhorred by many, to be constitutional and a legitimate matter of state authority. In 1972, however, Justice Brennan, in a 5 to 4 case, found existing practices unconstitutional, in the process overturning the laws of 34 states and of the Federal Government. Commented one scholar: "Questions of the propriety of capital punishment aside, this was one of the most arrogant usurpations of the legislative function of government that the U.S. Supreme Court had ever engaged in. Rarely has it had the temerity summarily to strike down so many state and federal laws in a single case—and by a 5 to 4 majority at that."*

Since 1972 the Court has clarified its position on the death penalty to allow states to pass statutes authorizing its use, so long as it is not imposed in an "arbitrary" manner, and so long as individual mitigating circumstances are carefully considered. But in case after case Justice Brennan continues to dissent, raising the same objections that he has raised before and citing, in a highly unusual manner, his own previous dissents as authority for his position.

•FEDERAL v. STATE POWER•

Another persistent theme of Justice Brennan's opinions has been his commitment to federal decision-making, particularly federal judicial decision-making, in areas that were formerly within the purview of state legislatures and state courts. Brennan's leadership in placing state apportionment decisions in the federal courts and in giving the federal courts authority over the criminal-justice process has already been noted; he has been equally vigorous in substituting federal decision-making for state and local policy in matters of welfare and education. Ultimately, though, the farthest-reaching of Justice Brennan's decisions may prove to be the 1966 decision defining the relationship between the states and the Federal Government under the Fourteenth Amendment.

Through a long series of Court decisions following the adoption of the Constitution, the Bill of Rights was held to be limited in its application to actions of the national government. Indeed, the First Congress, out of respect for the diversity and variety of the states, expressly rejected proposed amendments to the Bill of Rights that would

*The scholar, however, could just as easily have been describing Supreme Court opinions written by Justice Brennan in the areas of abortion and school prayer, in which the laws of fifty and 41 states respectively were declared unconstitutional.

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have imposed identical or similar obligations upon the states. Following the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment in 1868, however, efforts were initiated to make the entire Bill of Rights applicable to the states under the new amendment's due-process clause. Now, the full "incorporation" of the Bill of Rights into the due-process clause has never commanded a majority of the Court; what has prevailed instead has been Justice Brennan's idea that the Fourteenth Amendment selectively incorporates what judges regard as the most fundamental protections of the first ten amendments to the Constitution. In effect, the portions of the Bill of Rights that have been extended to the conduct of state affairs are those for which Brennan could get four other votes. (For whatever reason, the Second Amendment, which guarantees the right to keep and bear arms, never became an object of Mr. Brennan's incorporation attempts.) The result has been a remarkable substitution of federal power for state power: It is now the Federal Government (especially the federal courts) that determines the standards controlling criminal searches and seizures, admissibility of evidence, jury-trial procedures, criminal defendants' right to counsel, criminal sanctions, bail, freedom of speech, and freedom of religion—all matters once determined by the states. The necessary outcome of this process, in the words of Justice Harlan, is a "compelled uniformity . . . inconsistent with the [historic] purpose of our federal system."

In countless areas of state and local activity, including school disciplinary policies, school-library selection procedures, utility-rate regulation, school financing, street closings, university tuition rates, Sunday blue laws, zoning, traffic-court procedures, public-school administration, and penal policies, Justice Brennan has sought to employ the Fourteenth Amendment as a means of substituting federal policies and federal standards for those of states and localities. It is thus of no little irony that he was quick to criticize the Court for its "startling restructuring of our federal system" when, in a rare instance of reliance upon the Tenth Amendment, it limited the ability of Congress to impose new spending obligations upon the states. The Court, lectured Justice Brennan, is "simply not at liberty to erect a mirror of his own conception of a desirable government structure."

What made all of this possible was Brennan's decision in *Katzenbach* v. *Morgan* (1966). Up to that time, Congress had been limited to "enforcing" those rights that are part of the substantive protections of the Fourteenth Amendment—those matters that are contained within the guarantees of "due process" and "equal protection" as construed by the courts.

In *Katzenbach* the Court, led by Brennan in a 7 to 2 decision, radically changed that. It upheld an act of Congress that sought to outlaw most state literacy tests under its "enforcement" authority, despite the fact that the Supreme Court had concluded several years earlier that such tests were not necessarily in violation of the Constitution. In Brennan's description, the Fourteenth Amendment represented a "positive grant of legislative power authorizing Congress to exercise its discretion in determining whether and what legislation is needed to secure the guarantees of the Fourteenth Amendment."

The result has been to grant Congress the power both to *interpret* what rights will be guaranteed by "due process" and "equal protection," and to *enforce* those guarantees against the states. Since most public policies can be made to fall within these two vague concepts, Congress, under this theory, could, if it wished, effectively remove virtually all power from the states. Professor Archibald Cox has described Brennan's opinion as a "strikingly novel form of judicial deference to legislative power." Limits to this deference, if any, have not yet been defined.

Perhaps the answer to the riddle of *Katzenbach* will ultimately be provided by Senator Jesse Helms, who has turned the tables with proposed legislation defining another term in the Fourteenth Amendment—person—to include the unborn in an attempt to effect a reversal of *Roe* v. *Wade*, the Court's controversial 1973 decision establishing a "fundamental right" to abortions. After all, isn't that what Justice Brennan meant when he said that Congress had the power to define the guarantees of the Fourteenth Amendment?*

•CONCLUDING THOUGHTS•

The breadth of Brennan's influence on public policy and on our social landscape has been, to put it mildly, remarkable: He has upheld the lawfulness of union political "check-off" schemes that have allowed organized labor to play a predominant role in American politics; he has rewritten the law on libel; he laid the foundations for the Supreme Court's abortion decisions; he has been the principal expositor of the view that voluntary prayers by schoolchildren are unconstitutional; he has championed new standards for analyzing alleged sex discrimination (according to Woodward and Armstrong in *The Brethren*, he was only narrowly defeated in his behind-the-scenes efforts to effectively read the ERA into the Constitution even as it was being debated and rejected in the states through the amendment-ratification process); he has expanded eligibility for food-stamp benefits, unemployment compensation, free public education for illegal aliens, Social Security, and welfare programs; he has issued important and enduring opinions changing the law on subjects as disparate as strikes, expatriation, contraceptives, age discrimination, school honor codes, alimony, seniority systems, the exclusionary rule, plea bargaining, bankruptcy, residency requirements, and "equal pay for comparable work."

One can agree or disagree with the substantive positions Brennan has taken in any or all of these cases, but that is beside the point. What really matters is that his rulings have altered established, often long-standing, public policies, not in response to the unequivocal imperatives of the language of the Constitution or of federal or state statutes, but in response to his own sense of right and wrong. The point is not that his position in a given case is unsound or unwise, but rather that Justice Brennan got his way.

Justice Brennan appears to be even more interested in changing society than in changing the law. He has never hesitated to look outside the Constitution and the law; the

*Actually, it was *not* what Justice Brennan had in mind. In a footnote to his *Katzenbach* opinion, he stated that Congress's power was limited, in a ratchet-like manner, to defining the terms of the Fourteenth Amendment *more expansively* than the Court had done. In other words, Congress was not granted power "to exercise discretion in the other direction" and to enact statutes that would "dilute equal-protection and due-process decisions of the Court."

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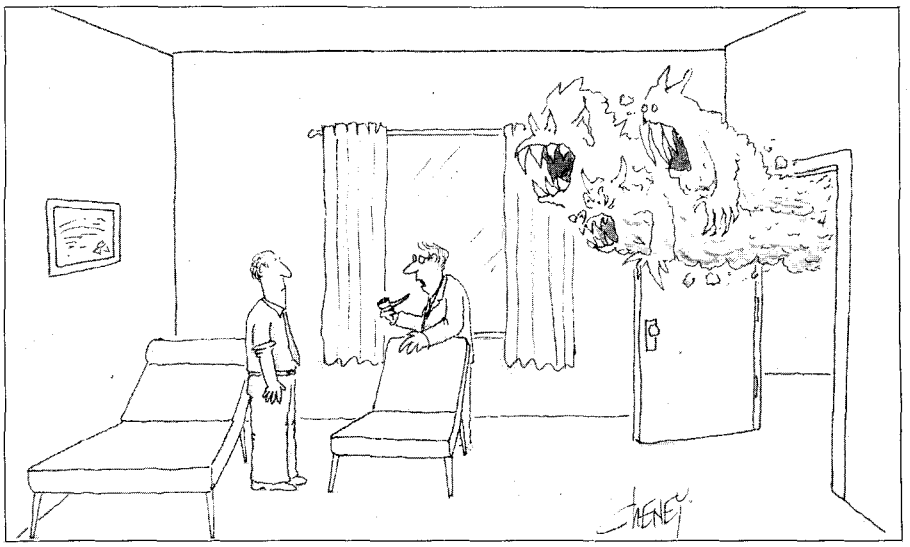
consistency of his ideological positions demonstrates the accuracy of the adage that when a judge looks outside the Constitution he looks into his own mind.

Justice Brennan's stunning influence on Court and country, as we have seen, is attributable not only to his length of service, his engaging personality, and his membership on the Warren Court; equally important has been his ability to strike the sort of judicial compromise that was beyond the grasp of those who, like Black or Douglas, had even more ideological and absolute views of the Constitution. Brennan's liberalism is not a by-product of commitment to the First Amendment, due process, or equal protection. Rather, Brennan is among the purest of the result-oriented judges who first determine how they want a decision to come out (the "fundamental fairness" standard) and then go about trying to find a legal justification. Unlike his more absolutist colleagues, who often found purity of jurisprudential position more important than the outcome of a case, Brennan has been able to put together majorities for liberal positions by employing whatever legal vehicles happened to be available, and by a mediation and negotiation process that sometimes resulted in decisions that were not what he might have preferred, but that nevertheless moved society inexorably toward his goal. When the votes are available, as they often were during the latter years of the Warren Court, and as they occasionally have been in more recent years, he is capable of writing unyielding and often radical opinions. But he is also capable, when the need arises, of writing a 5 to 4 or 6 to 3 opinion, giving a principle easily susceptible of later development. He has fully adopted Justice Douglas's position of preferring to "set precedent, rather than to follow it."



"Would you mind asking them to wait outside?"

It is only when Brennan's decisions are measured against those of the unbending "liberals," particularly Black or Douglas, that he appears noticeably "pragmatic." Primarily, what Brennan has done has been to package and market his beliefs more attractively than have some of his ideological brethren.

Consensus in the legal community tends to hold Brennan's opinions as models of reasonable legal decision-making, a blending of temperate and responsible liberal goals and practical and workable processes. A fair case can be made, however, after reviewing a number of Brennan decisions, that such reasonableness is largely illusory.

For one thing, Brennan has a penchant for developing balancing formulas as a means of resolving difficult areas of legal controversy. Described by former Justice Arthur Goldberg as "definitional balancing," such formulas frequently turn up in Brennan opinions; they acknowledge the fact that there are often competing interests involved in a case—the interests of society against the interests of the criminal defendant, the interests of "protected" minority groups against the interests of legislatures in legislating, the interests of a free press against the interest in a fair trial. These formulas are usually vague, and full of words, phrases, and concepts that provide little significant policy direction to those who must make their actions comport with the opinions. Thus, those charged with enforcing the law—the police, state and local officials, and even state legislatures—are given the burden of interpreting and applying formulas and tests that are often unintelligible to anyone but a federal judge. The results of Brennan's jurisprudence are perhaps better illustrated by a casual glance at the FBI crime statistics, the proliferation of porno bookstores, the decline in public values, the growing threat of domestic terrorism, and the decline of the public schools than by any attempt to analyze the details of the Rubik's Cube formulas set forth in his interpretations of the Constitution. Just as ideas have consequences, so do Supreme Court decisions. In the case of Justice Brennan's decisions, the thread of cause and effect is particularly easy to follow.

William Brennan is a study in ironies. A family man with three children, he is the judge largely responsible for the availability of pornography in every major city in America; a Catholic, he has played an instrumental role in the unfettered availability of abortion across the country and has found tuition tax credits and legislative chaplains unconstitutional; appointed to the Court by a Republican because of his ostensibly conservative views and because of his experience as a state court judge, it is he who mandated the reapportionment of every state legislative system in the country and who has made a substantial contribution to the shift of power from the states to the federal courts; the son of hard-working Irish immigrant parents, he nevertheless has made significant strides in elevating the welfare state to constitutional status.

While the past several years must have been frustrating ones for Justice Brennan on a Court which, for the most part, no longer shares his social agenda, he can certainly take pride in the fact that most of his own seminal decisions have been left untouched; the inroads made by the Burger Court in restoring the pre-Warren Court Constitution have been minimal.

That the Brennan social agenda has become America's social agenda is all the more remarkable because it was and still is an agenda almost entirely at variance with that of the citizens of the country and their elected representatives. Justice Brennan, more than virtually anybody else in public life today, has made a difference. □

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A Handful of Idealists Changed the Nation!

Conservatives used to talk a lot...

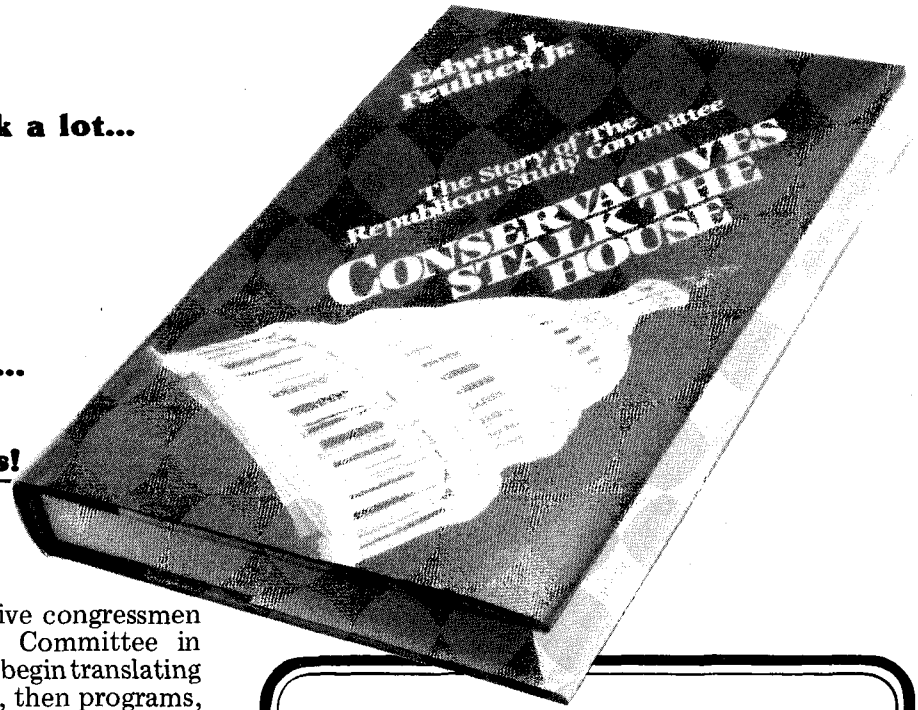
Vote a lot...

Write letters...

Draw up programs...

Contribute to committees...

But they didn't get results!



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CONFESSIONS OF A BOOKMAN

LIFE AT the Berry Patch offers many rare delights, but a perceptive visitor will notice the book collection. How it came to be I don't exactly know. At some moment during my stay at college I determined to build a book collection, and I knew what its general form should be. It would not reflect my own narrow tastes but would range over the whole field of knowledge. It would not overwhelm by its size but would offer the best, the permanent achievements, the classic performances, in all different fields. Forty years ago in the second-hand bookstores of Cambridge one could work wonders: I picked up the complete Charles Dickens, some 38 volumes, for $5. I can't remember why I got started; of course I wanted the books for my own use and joy; I think I expected that a wide-ranging library might serve to inspire whatever children I might have, if I should marry and become a father.

Somewhere along the line I had acquired a certain reverence for books. They were of course only grease marks on wood pulp, but in the right hands they were the record and distillation of man's effort to live an examined life.

There was one shelf in my parents' library that filled me with awe. It was some 12 or 14 volumes in blue leather with golden lettering on the spines and the finest rough-edged linen paper, and on almost every page of the first volume there was a marvelously beautiful sketch in watercolor. This was the Bombay Edition of the Works of Rudyard Kipling. On a flyleaf I used to read, over and over again, "Of the Bombay Edition two hundred sets have been signed by the author. This is #97." There followed a straight line, along which Mr. Kipling had affixed his firm and very business-like signature. And then the show-stopper: "Two sets have been hand-illustrated by British artists, of which Set #1 is in Buckingham Palace." Pretty heady stuff! We had the only one outside Buckingham Palace!

My school years coincided with the Second World War, and each week the headmaster announced the death of one or more boys we had seen graduate only a year or two before. It seemed fitting (*dulce et decorum*) that the captain of our baseball team should be shot down in the southwest Pacific. It was proper for us to study hard and learn civilized ways, in order to join up and fight when we got older. For you do not fight well for what you do not love; nor can you love what you do not understand; so study Latin, and grow up, and shoot Japs.

AT HARVARD I encountered this feeling, which is in truth a vestige of the European tradition of the scholar-soldier, in a quiet, rumpled, amiable Frenchman, Philippe LeCorbeiller, who taught physics. For some reason I found myself writing a physics exam under him, and I thought I might make a little headway—around the flank, so to speak, physics not being my strong suit—by quoting Pascal. So I dragged it in by its heels and hoped for the best: "*L'homme est comme un roseau pensant.*"

I shudda stood in bed. Professor LeCorbeiller's red pen was quite in evidence throughout my remarks on physics, but when he came to my Pascal he painted the page vermilion. He scratched out my quote completely and wrote in the margin: "No. Pascal said, '*L'homme n'est qu'un roseau, le plus faible de la nature; mais c'est un roseau pensant.*' SEE ME."

He welcomed me to his quarters and made it clear that he was not intent on disciplining me; he was simply interested in a student of physics who made bold to quote, however sloppily, the great Pascal. It turned out he adored Pascal, and then he said something that has lasted all these forty years: "The *Pensées* was the only book I took with me into the trenches in the First World War."

The Grand Tradition, then: That's what a man's library should seek to express and preserve. There's no way to measure success in this line, but one may surely notice whether any effort at all is being made. In most homes there is no attempt to house the Grand Tradition (and we are beginning to send into battle a generation of boys who don't know what they're fighting for). In my house you can do a few hours' research on any major academic subject. Visitors are amused that a mimeographed sheet explains the layout to them: English and French literatures in the main salon; in the den various Bibles, religion, theology, philosophy, musical theory and history, painting and architecture, landscaping and horticulture; in bookcases upstairs the physical sciences and additional foreign literatures—Greek, Latin, Russian, German, Spanish, Italian, and Eastern European (in German translation: the wonderful Manesse editions); in the corridor to the office, economics, politics, social questions, military strategy, animal husbandry, veterinary medicine, herbal culture; in my office a whole wall of American history and literature, half a wall of foreign history, and several shelves devoted to the special interests of the proprietor —62 dictionaries and linguistic studies, and a shelf of works on Peruvian and Mayan antiquities (a lifelong seduction).

Has the Grand Tradition cast its spell over the younger generation, in accord with my dreams of so long ago? One never knows. But it is a fact that Willie and Hawk asked me to go to Cambridge with them a few weeks ago to "advise" them as they toured the second-hand bookstores, looking for books to form "the nucleus" of *their* collections. □

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ABROAD

MOSCOW *Chopping Afghanistan*

The use of helicopter gunships by the Russian military command in Afghanistan to stem resistance attacks has been described in detail here for the first time since the start of the Soviet occupation four years ago. According to an article in the *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, Soviet authorities rely chiefly on the Mi-24 helicopter, nicknamed "Hunchback" on account of its stocky, bulbous silhouette, to locate resistance positions and to protect convoys of supplies and food in the forbidding mountainous terrain where the resistance operates most effectively. The article claimed that Afghans "panic" whenever the Hunchback appears in the skies. One tactic used is for a single helicopter to draw the fire of resistance outposts while others following it send coordinates of the position to Soviet artillery and mortar batteries. Helicopters are also used for actual aerial bombardment, a difficult assignment since they are low-flying and slow. The article made no mention of what damage resistance fire normally inflicts on the helicopters, but at the same time it made clear that resistance activity is an ever-present threat to the effective control of the Afghan countryside by troops of Babrak Karmal's puppet regime in Kabul.

SINGAPORE *Making It*

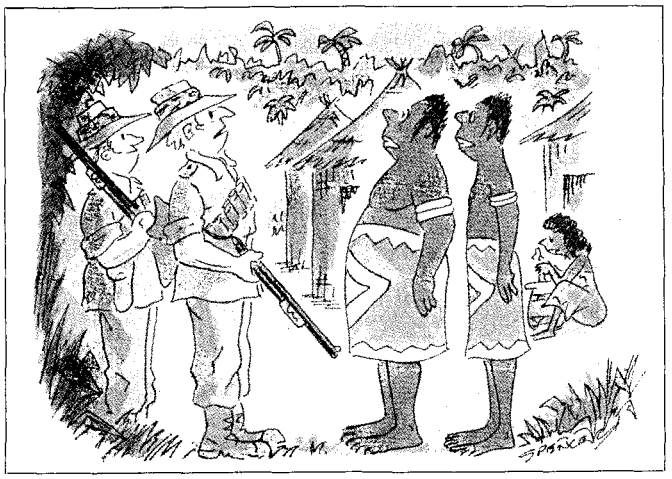
Spurred on by the uncertainty of the future of Hong Kong, and taking advantage of its own highly skilled population and favorable investment conditions, Singapore is reacting strongly to economic recovery in the United States. The most recent figures show that in January the island's exports to the U.S. had increased by 118 per cent over the same month last year, the lion's share being electronic components. The United States is now Singapore's principal trading partner and number-one foreign investor. Most American electronics firms have subsidiaries here, producing integrated circuits and circuit boards, computer keyboards and printers, and similar items. High-price, high-quality clothes help fill out the export column.

TOKYO *Suicide*

The rate of suicide among the adult Japanese population, especially among the ranks of middle-aged men, has increased alarmingly in recent years. The phenomenon is widely attributed to economic pressures, and to the pressure of debt in particular. Last year, more than 25,200 Japanese killed themselves, a rate of 21.1 per 100,000 people and an increase of 19 per cent over the previous year. Statistics show that twice as many men as women commit suicide, the largest group being in their forties and fifties. The group with the second highest percentage is those over 65; and while incurable illness and other problems associated with old age play their part, the increase in suicides in this group also centers on economic causes, such as losing one's job, bankruptcy, and the inability to repay private debts. Although to the outside world Japan presents a picture of economic stability and homogeneity, individual debt burdens are often very great. This is largely due to the recent development of a system of private-business credit offices, which find their clients among the salaried middle class, and are authorized to lend money at usurious rates, sometimes more than 70 per cent. The resulting debt burdens were considered directly responsible for eight hundred deaths last year and a further eight thousand disappearances. Another factor is company policies that dictate early retirements, forced transfers, or loss of professional rank. These policies strike heavy psychological blows among a corps of employees whose dedication to one-company careers and hierarchical integrity is legendary, and who often are incapable of surrendering a status to which they have sacrificed a lifetime of work.

PARIS *La Machine*

Capital punishment was outlawed in France in 1981, but no one has yet been confident enough to scrap the two remaining guillotines, which now repose at Fresnes prison. A project had been hatched to transfer them to the Musée Carnavalet, the museum of the city of Paris, on condition that they would not be exhibited to the public for twenty years, by which time they could be classified, along with the rack and the thumbscrew, as mementos of a bad old time. But now a request has been made to the National Assembly, in response to two particularly heinous murders, to restore the death penalty, and the guillotines may never make it to the museum at all. The request was made by Jean François-Poncet, a former foreign minister in whose district in southwestern France recently two young girls were ferociously done away with. The senator says he would never have agreed to the ban had he been in the legislature at the time. Other politicians have made similar requests in the past under parallel pressure. At the time of the abolition, in 1981, there were seven criminals under sentence of death. For one of them, a new concrete base for the guillotine had already been poured. Since then, the incidence of what are generally considered capital offenses today—the murder of police officers, for example, or of young children—has actually decreased, which gives those who favor retention of the ban further arguments in favor of the status quo. But in the eyes of the French public, as long as "*la machine*," as the guillotine is referred to, exists in a functioning state, the issue will not be laid to rest.



Spencer, *Punch*/Rothco

"If you're peace-loving, why aren't you armed?"

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nce upon a time,

long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers? Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody.* Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And lo these many years we have asked our readers to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. **As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!**

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THE VIOLENT BEAR IT AWAY

M. D. AESCHLIMAN

THE ACTORS THEATER OF LOUISVILLE (ATL) is now in its twentieth season as a resident professional theater and has earned particular praise, not only nationally but internationally, for the Humana Festival of New American Plays, which it stages each spring. Now in its eighth season, the festival is a pioneering venture that draws critics, producers, and literary managers from as far afield as London and Tokyo. It has been called "the most important event in the American theater each year."

Since 1969 the Louisville troupe has been under the leadership of Jon Jory, son of the late Victor Jory, the veteran character actor, for whom the smaller of ATL's theaters is named. For the New Play Program each year, up to four thousand new scripts are submitted, and from these submissions nine plays are chosen for production over the five weeks of the festival, from late February to April 1. In recent years the festival has introduced numerous plays that later went on to successful production in New York and elsewhere, such as D. L. Coburn's *The Gin Game* (Pulitzer Prize, 1978), Beth Henley's *Crimes of the Heart* (Pulitzer Prize, 1981), and John Pielmeier's *Agnes of God*, which enjoyed a long Broadway run.

In a review of the festival and of the company four years ago in the London *Times*, Irving Wardle noted that "if ever there was a place to give the lie to the ugly American myth" of philistinism and culturelessness, "it is the Actors Theater of Louisville." This reviewer's first response to ATL and to the festival (more particularly, to the seven of this year's plays that he saw) has to be in agreement with Wardle's: Production standards are very high, largely owing to Jon Jory, but also to the set designs of Paul Owen and, most of all, to the extraordinarily fine quality of the acting, both by resident company members and by others brought in for the festival. ATL is well described as an "actors' theater."

But what of the plays themselves? How good are they and how well do they work? And what might they tell us about the larger culture that they represent and reflect? The answers here are more difficult and must, at the outset at least, be more particular, as responses to individual works; but one must begin by praising the courage of the venture. ATL has offered premieres of plays by more than 150 writers, and of the more than thirty productions presented each season, the majority are new works. Certainly some of the praise for subsidizing this kind of risk should also go to the good citizenry of Louisville, Kentucky.

One's response to the plays themselves is more mixed, which is probably inevitable with so much new work. In general, the imagination and depiction of extremity, the fruit of Naturalism and Absurdism, prevail, and one cannot help being nagged by ungenerous questions as to the criteria by which a number of these plays were chosen (from four thousand scripts!). One frequently pities the actors who expend such enormous energy and ingenuity in frail or threadbare vehicles. (With apologies to Donne for making him sound like Pope: *For good and well must in our drama meet: / The matter must not the manner defeat.*)

This is particularly true of Lee Blessing's *Independence*, a repulsive psychodrama about a destructively neurotic mother and her three almost equally neurotic and shipwrecked daughters, all sadomasochistically tormenting each other and dying of stultification and despair in a small Iowa town. Here the family is depicted as madhouse and torture chamber, and life as a minefield of psychoses and perversions—all of which is possible, of course, however tiresomely familiar, except that the play ultimately rings false. The extremity is, strictly speaking, unbelievable. Yet even here there is acting of extraordinary quality, especially by Deborah Hedwall as the oldest daughter.

Another piece of strictly unbelievable extremity is John Patrick Shanley's *Danny and the Deep Blue Sea*, another psychodrama, about two young burnt-out cases who meet in a lonely bar in the Bronx. The language and the ambiance are suggestive of an explosion in a cesspool. Although an attempt is made to deal with the themes of expiation, fidelity, and hope, the lurid pagan deformation and excess of the framework blight the whole endeavor. And yet the acting, especially of John Turturro as Danny, is exemplary.

M. D. Aeschliman is the author of The Restitution of Man: C. S. Lewis and the Case against Scientism, *published last year by Eerdmans.*

Daniel Mark Epstein won the Prix de Rome in 1977, and is currently on a Guggenheim Fellowship. His latest work is The Book of Fortune, *published by Overlook/Viking Press.*

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Lemons, a comedy by Kent Broadhurst, is altogether too slight and forgettable, though the set is ingenious and the clowning of ATL's Ray Fry is amusing. Horton Foote (who wrote the screenplays for *Tender Mercies*, *Baby, the Rain Must Fall*, and *To Kill a Mockingbird*) gives us, in *Courtship*, a picture of the naïve but rather touching world of small-town Texas in 1914; he eschews extremity and catches something of the narrative goodness of life decently lived; but it is finally too slight a work to succeed, despite the fine acting of Susan Bruyn as the beautifully breathless daughter ready to make her flight out of the confinement of overprotective home and small town into the brave new world of romance, mobility, and adulthood.

The last three plays that this reviewer saw were far more ambitious than any of the preceding, and all three were performed on the large thrust stage in the beautifully converted 1837 Bank of Louisville building. Two were "docudramas" about contemporary issues—Ken Jenkins's *007: Crossfire*, about the Korean airliner tragedy, and Emily Mann's *Execution of Justice*, about the notorious murder, in 1978, of the mayor of San Francisco and one of the city supervisors. Both are plays of enormous energy and ingenuity, and they are brilliantly staged; but before we go on to them, the other play, William Mastrosimone's *The Undoing*, deserves comment.

A skeletal description of *The Undoing* is unpromising and even distasteful. The play uses large elements of extremity, melodrama, and the grotesque. Directed with suspense and pathos by Jon Jory, *The Undoing* is set in the slaughtering room of a big-city poultry business that Lorraine is trying to keep going after the death of her husband at the hands of a drunk driver. She is rapidly drowning in alcoholism, despair, and guilt, when a mysterious, crippled stranger appears on the scene, apparently looking for a job. Out of these common, gloomy, and depressing elements, William Mastrosimone has fashioned a play of power and poignancy. The raw squalor and horror not only feel true, they work to some purpose. Only superficially and initially does the play resemble the mindless avant-garde, in which rage, shock, and obscenity are required for the *succès de scandale*. Instead, Mastrosimone is dealing honestly and convincingly with guilt and expiation, and also, not incidentally, with the inexorability and the dignity of work, a Conradian theme and a true one: work as a support for sanity, work as a means of expiation, work as a form of hope.

There is effective and ingenious use of a chorus of two ethnic-Italian harpies (though their accents are abominable), but the real power of the play is essentially established and carried in the two memorably fine performances of the leads, Debra Monk as Lorraine and Clarence Felder as Berk, the enigmatic but doggedly decent stranger. A fine play with some real pathos and an immersion in the tragic springs of life.

Felder also gives a fine performance in one of the two docudramas, Ken Jenkins's *007: Crossfire*, a play with a big cast, complex staging, and large ambitions. *007: Crossfire* deals with the notorious shooting down of the Korean airliner by a Soviet fighter plane. Its ingenious staging is, alas, too complex to work: three scenes of action side by side, with the interior of the airliner in the middle, Russian and American strategists, military men, and politicians on the left, and a contemporary theater troupe, debating whether to make a drama about the event, on the right. The effect of a three-ring circus is inevitable, and the theater troupe is distracting and unintegrated. There are other difficulties too: The initial assumption of American malfeasance (viz., the airliner was part of a spy mission) is a dramatic *donné* the truth of which may be doubted; the use of macabre Oriental dolls in airline seats to represent passengers is too clever by half—it diminishes the humanity of the passengers and suggests that they, the victims, are somehow sinister. Yet the action depicted on stage left—the private and public debates among and between Soviet and American strategists, military men, and politicians—is absorbing, and there are extraordinarily fine performances by Dierk Torsek, eloquent in his defense of the actor's right to entertain rather than to instruct or moralize, and by Clarence Felder as the American mili-

RANDOM NOTES

☐ LEFT OVER FROM APRIL: *God's Broker: The Life of John Paul II* (Richardson & Snyder/Dutton, $20), by Antoni Gronowicz, is an excellent biography of the current pontiff, based on interviews with the subject himself, arranged by the late Cardinal Wyszynski.

Adieux: A Farewell to Sartre (Pantheon, $19.95), by Simone de Beauvoir, translated by Patrick O'Brien, is an account of the failing last years of the philosopher's life as told by his companion of half a century. . . . Anthony West, son of H. G. Wells and Rebecca West, has written an interesting biography of his father, *H. G. Wells: Aspects of a Life* (Random House, $22.95), in which he attempts to vindicate Wells of misrepresentations made by previous biographers and critics.

Paul F. Boller Jr., author of the amusing *Presidential Anecdotes*, has written an equally amusing successor, *Presidential Campaigns* (Oxford, $16.95). . . . *Truman: A Centenary Remembrance* (Viking, $25), by Robert H. Ferrell, an Indiana professor and Truman scholar, finds Harry Truman's Administrations most notable for having committed the U.S. irrevocably to the status of a global power.

Germaine Greer's *Sex and Destiny: The Politics of Human Fertility* (Harper & Row, $19.95) argues that the modern Western tendency toward small families is a cultural preference that ought not to be imposed on the rest of the world. Her thesis is already drawing fire from critics who find her view of woman's role in society to be narrow and rather unenlightened.

☐ MORE MAY TITLES: *The Rise of the Right* (Morrow, $15.95), by William A. Rusher, begins with his own political education and the founding of NATIONAL REVIEW and ends with an assessment of the Reagan Administration, coming to rest with the conclusion that "conservatism has never had a finer champion in the White House." —CW

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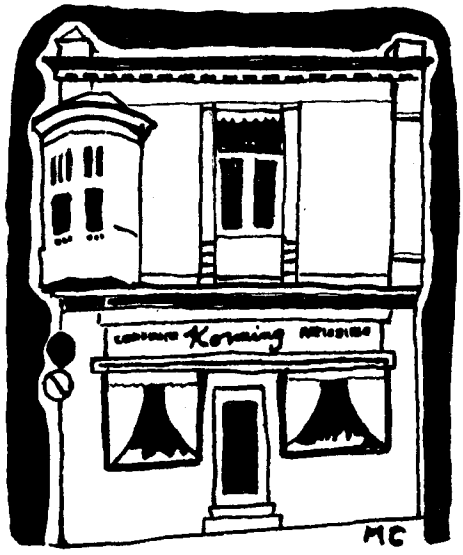
tary strategist who finally and rightly rebukes his Soviet opposite numbers by insisting that even if their suspicion that the flight was part of a spy mission had been true, innocent passengers were cruelly murdered by the Soviet Union and would never have been by the United States in a similar circumstance.



Execution of Justice, by Emily Mann, brilliantly directed by Oskar Eustis and Anthony Taccone, is another docudrama with a fine performance by the versatile Dierk Torsek, in this instance as the attorney defending Daniel White, a disgruntled former city supervisor who murdered San Francisco Mayor George Moscone and city supervisor and homosexual activist Harvey Milk in November 1978. The case itself is notoriously lurid, melodramatic, and emotionally explosive. White was a Catholic, a conservative, "straight" and All-American, representing the old Irish and Italian communities of San Francisco and their resentment at what had happened to the city, its conversion into the homosexual mecca of the world. Both of his victims were liberals, and one a homosexual. Tried by a jury of old-fashioned San Franciscans, White was given five years in prison, a light sentence based on his alleged emotional instability and temporary insanity, supposedly largely caused by an addiction to junk food; White has, in fact, already been released on parole.

A summary of the play cannot catch the complexity, ingenuity, and power of its staging. At the outset the polarities in San Francisco are represented by two gruesomely potent symbolic persons: the first, a San Francisco cop wearing a "Free Dan White" T-shirt and talking graphically about homosexual perversion and decadence in his city; and the second, a man dressed as a nun, Sister Boom Boom of the "Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence" [*sic*], calling for homosexual revenge against Dan White. The polarity is brilliantly staged, and is probably the finest tableau in the whole production. From this point on the picture of San Francisco that develops inevitably reminds one of Fellini's *Satyricon* or the decadence of Weimar Berlin.

The courtroom drama that ensues is managed with very considerable force. White's confession is gripping, as is the characterization of his defense attorney by Dierk Torsek. The satire on psychiatrists in the courtroom—their pretentiousness, fecklessness, and jargon—and the satire on the credulity that entertains them, are extremely effective and funny. The final summation of the prosecuting attorney, played by Frederic Major, is devastating in its understatement, as it simply but eloquently reminds us of the damning details of the two murders. John C. Vennema gives a virtuoso performance in four different roles, especially that of the police inspector who took Dan White's confession. As the facts are presented in the play, the conclusion inescapably arises that White "got away with murder," that not only were Moscone and Milk killed, but justice too was "executed."

But, even more than in the case of *007: Crossfire*, nagging questions about "docudrama" will not go away. We are assured that most of the script is taken from the authentic transcript of the trial. Few of us followed the case in enough detail to have seen or read that transcript, and we are thus utterly dependent on the playwright, Emily Mann, for our knowledge of the facts. Fair enough, I suppose, but as the play progresses the playwright's editorial voice becomes more strident and obvious: Milk was a courageous battler for civil liberties, Moscone a profoundly decent politician and man; and at the very end, after his light sentence is announced, White smirks diabolically with satisfaction. Perhaps. But would it not have been more honest to make the "illiberal" points that murder is murder, that "temporary insanity" defenses are always dubious, and that the liberal mind itself is involved in terrible contradictions?

The liberal mind habitually extends large imaginative sympathy to criminals—from Benvenuto Cellini to Richard Rojack, from "great poisoners of the Renaissance" (Wilde) to "Saint" Jean Genet (Sartre), from Bluebeard (Bisson) to Jack Henry Abbott ("I felt an awe one knows before a phenomenon," said Norman Mailer), from Jean Valjean to Caryl Chessman. Mailer has even told us that Charles Manson was a "brave intellectual" with the courage of his convictions. The tendency is always, at the very least, to attenuate guilt (to understand is to forgive), and often openly to admire the virility and vitality of the great criminal, the "immoralist," to give a kind of "salvation in the skies" of publicity to him who "greatly lives" (and perhaps "greatly dies") in defiance of complacent and cowardly bourgeois moralism. (Eldridge Cleaver held his interest for progressives only as long as he was outrageously criminal and radical; since his repentance and conversion to Christianity he has disappeared into obscurity; and *Soul on Ice* is still being used by teachers who would never think of even reading *Soul on Fire*.)

To sharpen the point in the context of San Francisco, where a chief cause of death may well be homosexual torture and sadomasochism, whenever rage and cruelty are virile and "authentic" (cf. *The Godfather*, *Last Tango in Paris*, *Straw Dogs*, *Les Valseuses*), the liberal response is to attenuate the whole idea of moral (and therefore legal) judgment. If the liberal mentality forgives whatever it really understands, as Mme. de Staël put it, then by understanding we may "excuse too much," as her descendant the Duc de Broglie put it. Libertine ideas corrode, cut, cauterize the moral tissue out of life, whether their source is liberalism (left) or libertarianism (right), A. J. Ayer or the Marquis de Sade.

For raising issues such as this, Emily Mann is to be thanked; but for prematurely closing the question of the liberal contradiction she is to be faulted. Having chipped away constantly at "stock" ideas of personal moral obligation, decency, and culpability, can liberalism reclaim them in all their pristine simplicity and force when its propagandistic interests are served by doing so? If it is hypocritical bourgeois moralism to condemn cold murderers like Jack Henry Abbott (or Richard Rojack), then the advanced

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opinion of our time has little right to invoke "bourgeois moralism" against an "idealistic" or "insane" or "authentic" killer such as Dan White. Free Caryl Chessman? Free Jean Genet? Free Jack Henry Abbott? Then "Free Dan White." The problems of libertinism and aestheticism remain unsolved in modern culture; and they are far more effectually destructive to personal and collective life, to the soul and the *res publica*, than nuclear weaponry. (Carlyle blamed the French Revolution on every man of the old regime who had ceased to do his duty; and there libertinism was *de rigueur*.) But despite its intellectual inadequacy in this regard, and the hectoring and heavy-handed liberal moralizing at the very end, the play and the production have considerable dramatic force, and raise the moral points they fail to deal with.

Taken as a group, what might these plays tell us about the American theater and American culture today? First, one wonders again: By what criteria were these plays, out of four thousand scripts, found convincing and valuable? A question without an easy answer, of course, but one that does direct our attention to the issues of selection and promotion, of how culture is shaped and marketed. Clearly the imagination of extremity, horror, and violence still runs at flood tide in the minds of many playwrights and many of those who assess and promote culture; when it comes to the prize, "the violent bear it away." And perhaps the contemporary theater can do little more than reflect some sensational aspects and episodes of contemporary culture that will "sell." Yet the suspicion persists that often, as Eric Gill put it fifty years ago, "the business of holding up a mirror to nature now means holding a mirror up to the nature of the artist."

One last thought. Another of Gill's dicta, easily misunderstood and misused, but profound and worth meditating, is that "all art is propaganda." Gill meant that every work of art propagates a view of reality, a set of values and attitudes. The artist is inescapably afflicted and blessed with choice and selection, of subject, theme, and approach (and in this he is Everyman writ large). Whatever he may "reflect" he *chooses* to reflect; he propagates attitudes toward the great and small phenomena of life by what he frames, stages, or writes. And with our senses of the sacred and of value and of truth so largely unhinged from their traditional moorings in religion and philosophy, in church and temple, his power and his responsibility are immense, if indeterminate; especially when we consider the massive impact that the communications media can give him.

The artist (playwright, painter, novelist, poet), then, is a philosopher and a moralist, whether he likes it or not and whether we like it or not; he chooses and gives vivid actuality to views and experiences of reality that he never merely "reflects." Uncritically raw Naturalism and pharisaical liberal moralism are such views. Possession of this critical knowledge, a form of self-knowledge for the playwright, would make a more intelligent and less naïvely ideological American theater. □

SURVIVING ENTIRE

Daniel Mark Epstein

The Central Motion: Poems, 1968-1979, by James Dickey (Wesleyan University Press, 128 pp., $18.50 cloth; $8.95 paper)

By now James Dickey's position in the constellation of American letters is secure. He is rightfully considered the most significant poet the South has produced since Robert Penn Warren, to whom one poem in this collection is dedicated. Lovers of poetry will be reading "Buckdancer's Choice," "The Celebration," and many other of Dickey's poems for generations.

So it is with great curiosity and some apprehension that we confront a retrospective such as Dickey has arranged for us in *The Central Motion*. This book brings together under a single cover the volumes *The Eye Beaters* (1970), *The Zodiac* (1976), and *The Strength of Fields* (1979), with a preface by Dickey explaining how this work demonstrates the "central motion" in his life as a poet. "Its centrality in my writing life hangs somewhere between 1951 when I began publishing in magazines, and my death date, which I project . . . as occurring some time in my eighties . . . The other interpretation concerns the centrality of these poems to the whole of my work . . . a change of subject matter and method . . ."

Regarding the poet's method, anyone familiar with Dickey's career knows the most dramatic change occurred during the writing of the poems in *Buckdancer's Choice* (1965). It was the sort of spectacular mid-career style change that many poets attempt but few accomplish. In that book Dickey breaks with the formal prosody of his highly successful lyrics, developing what he calls the "block format" in order to accommodate rangy narratives and internal monologues. Visually, the poems fill the page, rather like prose poems, their rhythms indicated by spaces between syntactic units rather than by versification. This method dominates the succeeding volume, *Falling*, the title poem of which records the impressions of an airline hostess plummeting several miles to her death.

I agree with Mr. Dickey when he states, in the preface at hand, that the best of these poems in block format is "The Eye Beaters," which was the last of them. When the poem was first published in the late Sixties, a friend, who was not a poet, called me long-distance to tell me about it. The poem, in some 120 lines, tells the story of a man's visit to a home for children in Indiana, some of whom are blind. The children's hands are bound behind them so they cannot strike their eyes to achieve momentary illusions of light. The visitor finds the situation so unnerving that he must invent a fiction in order to deal with it. So he imagines the children are entertaining a primal vision of the human race. It begins with the images rendered by the cavemen on the walls of their dwellings, and leads to the visions of living poets such as Dickey, the visitor.

So I am trying to make it
make something make them
make me
Re-invent the vision of the race
knowing the blind must see
By magic or nothing. Therapists, I
admit it; it helps me to think
That they can give themselves, like
God from their scabby fists, the
original
Images of mankind . . .

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In its compassion and its courage, this poem, which manages to survive the formidable melodrama of its subject, is quintessential Dickey. It concludes with lines whose implications define his sensibility, if such a thing is possible.

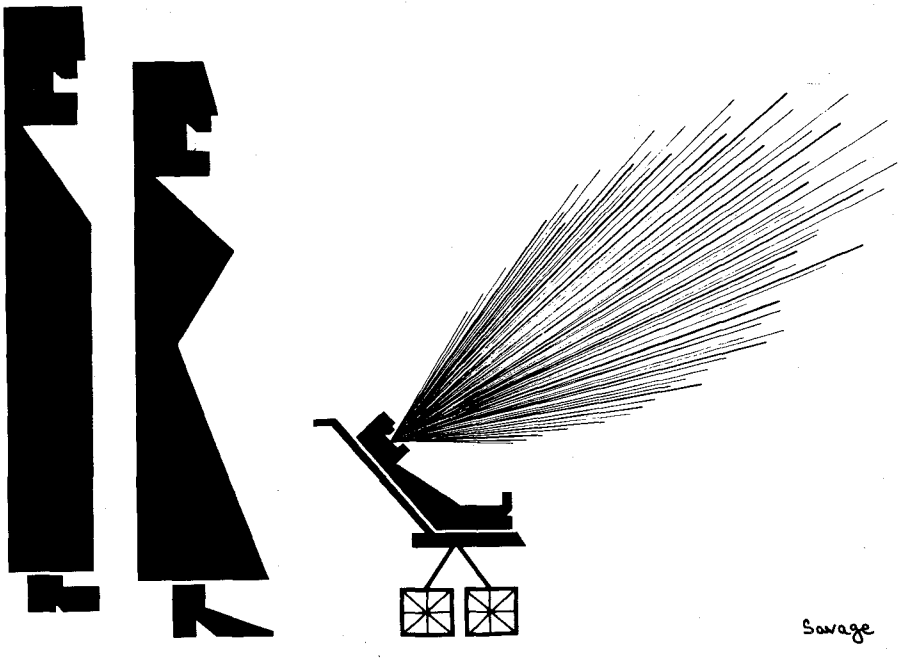
God man hunter artist father
Be with me. My prey is rock-
trembling, calling. Beast, get in
My way. Your body opens onto the
plain. Deer, take me into your life-
lined form. I merge, I pass beyond
in secret . . . my reason gone
Like eyes. Therapist, farewell at the
living end. Give me my spear.

Dickey is an American romantic, by D. H. Lawrence out of Walt Whitman, and when the beast in him is aroused, the poem resulting is a mystical, primal force.

This is not to suggest that Dickey's poems lack delicacy or thoughtfulness. A much later poem, "The Voyage of the Needle," develops, with the grace of a metaphysical poet, the image of a boy floating his mother's sewing needle upon bathwater. *"It is her brimming otherworld / That rides on the needle's frail lake, on death's precarious membrane . . ."* The needle becomes a metaphor for speech itself, bestowed upon the poet by his mother. The closing lines of the poem are a prayer *"that I may speak at last / With up-bearing magic / Of this household, weightless as love."*

It is difficult to understand why Mr. Dickey chooses to argue that these books represent a central motion with regard to his subjects. The poems of 1979 draw as heavily upon experiences of the military, sports, illness, and astronomy as do the poems of 1968. Perhaps the key is in the middle book, *The Zodiac* (1976). It is a single long poem, an internal monologue based upon a poem by Hendrik Marsman, "the story of a drunken and perhaps dying Dutch poet who returns to his home in Amsterdam after years of travel and tries desperately to relate himself, by means of stars, to the universe." The subject of *The Zodiac* is the process of making a poem, this particular poem. It is an exercise in postmodernism, as is practiced with precision and wit by John Barth, John Ashbery, and John Cage, all calculating ironists. This is no medium for a naturalist romantic. The alcoholism of Dickey's protagonist blurs his perceptions. The language is sometimes hysterical, at other times vague, and nowhere do we get the ironic distance that such a poem requires. In choosing his artistic processes as his subject in *The Zodiac*, Dickey is showing us his back. Perhaps he means to suggest, in his preface, that the central motion of his work begins and ends with the external world as subject, with an intervening turn inward, to self-study. Certainly this is the movement within his poems.

If deconstructionism, in contemporary criticism, has arrogated to the critic certain powers formerly reserved by the creators of literature, it seems that Mr. Dickey is trying to even the score by interpreting as well as editing his own poetry. I wish he wouldn't, because I am sure he has more important things to do. The poems speak for themselves. When they are as good as "Victory" or "Exchanges," they are blindingly good and need no cheering section. When they are not so good, it is better for them to sink of their own weight, like the lesser works of Wordsworth and E. A. Robinson. Let them go, for the artist survives entire in his best work. □



RAVE REVIEW!!

Joseph Sobran

Princes, Playboys, & High-Class Tarts, by Taki (Karz-Cohl, 271 pp., $14.95)

To ME, Taki is more, much more, than a friend. He is a rich friend. The rich may not be very different from you, but they're sure as hell different from me. Here is a man who has never known what it is to cringe and grovel before a boss. To have one's meditation disturbed by the flitting shadows of creditors circling slowly overhead. To pine for the magical liberation of a cool million—or even a cool thousand.

True, there are the effete rich. Taki is not of their ilk. He is an ilk unto himself. Devilishly handsome. Black belt in karate. Polyglot wit. A wife, Alexandra—a certified enchantress of noble blood and beauty so rare it would take sonneteers working three shifts to give you a rough idea. On top of this he is, in his own words "the greatest Greek writer since Aristophanes." Amen. Amen.

Do I detect a glint of skepticism? Just be patient a minute. I should mention, first of all, that *Princes, Playboys, & High-Class Tarts* is a collection of Taki's gossip columns from *Esquire* and *The Spectator*. (Taki, *né* Taki Theodoracopulos, dropped the last name when he took up this genre.) What separates him from most gossip columnists is that he is the star of his own narratives. He is socially, morally, intellectually, physically, financially, and hormonally superior to most of his subjects. So he's not what you'd call star-struck. He unhesitatingly tells you what he thinks of them, and even what he does to them (like punching out a U.S. senator). He's not craning his neck to look up at the gliterati:

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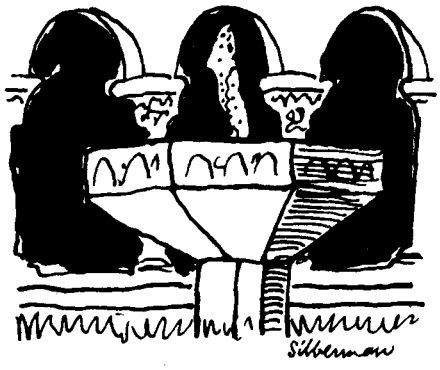
He looks *down* on a lot of them, and his hot Greek reactions to them help you take their measure better than any mere description.

What a cast! Constantine II, Princess Margaret, Gianni Agnelli, Teddy Kennedy, Aristotle Onassis, Lee Radziwill, Henry Ford II, Frank Costello, William Paley, Maria Callas, Claus von Bülow, Barbara Hutton, Bruce Lee, Roman Polanski, Bill Buckley, Marisa Berenson . . . As you see, most of his subjects fall into the classes Taki himself calls the "haves" and the "have-a-hell-of-a-lots." One of the recurrent morals of the book is that being a have-a-hell-of-a-lot is no guarantee of good or strong character. Let's face it: Not every son of a Greek billionaire can be a Taki. Then again, Taki's contempt for the *nouveaux riches* implies that if you have to earn your money, you don't deserve it. Coming from a champion of capitalism, something of a conundrum. But after all, Taki is the compatriot of Zeno. He leaves it to you to make sense of the phantasmagoria of the high life. He's enjoying himself slumming among the haves.

A typical passage: "I was living in Athens at the time, trying to write a book that explained how the Greek government steals with impunity, when Teddy rang me and invited me out for dinner and a drink. Knowing the long homosexual history of the Kennedys I took three girls with me and—" Whoa! Stop right there, Taki! You what? Who? *Really?* The rest of the column is an incredibly outspoken complaint that coke-snorting on Capitol Hill is an open secret and that the press covers it up. Taki is not likely to take his place beside the Sorensens and Schlesingers among the court historians of our political celebrities.

What makes Taki hilarious even in his anger is his offhand delivery of the outrageous. "My next encounter was with the pocket Pole paedophile, Roman Polanski. Now I don't mind Polanski too much, but I don't like to see him in Gstaad." Taki can refer easily to "one of the biggest phonies, Bianca Jagger," or "my father, a great philanderer," and you feel he is simply giving you an instantaneous reaction, not aiming at an effect. He doesn't seem to pause to wonder whether he will be sued, disinherited, or dismembered. Or to worry about how he appears: "Ever since the *News of the World* said that a certain nubile lady



was immune to my charm, and that I was in turn interested in her because her father would one day assume a different name, I have been the laughing-stock of London." Better yet: "In those days first class was located in the back of the plane, because the tail was safer. In keeping with the anti-Communist spirit of the times, rich people were considered to be less expendable than the poor." After a night of particularly high life: "The next morning, with my head feeling as if I had spent a week with the Brothers Karamazov . . ."

"To describe [the staff of a Belgrade hotel] would be plagiarism. They were already characterized in Solzhenitsyn's Gulag trilogy. One need simply substitute the word 'waiter' for 'guard.'" William Paley is "a man so old he is not called middle-aged—even in Palm Beach." Princess Margaret's beau, Roddy Llewellyn, is "an effete young man more at home with queens than princesses." Winston Churchill II "is the first of his family to be caught cheating on his wife. If anything, it shows that the English are ready to go into the Common Market."

Generations from now, when the current fad for tragedy has blown over and Sophocles and Aeschylus have been relegated to the oblivion they so richly deserve, the gossip column will be raised to its rightful eminence as a genre, and the works of Taki will be translated into every language, including Greek. Meanwhile it is the privilege of this generation to read him in the original. And original is the word, as Tom Wolfe says in his foreword: "Taki's writing has one of the rarest qualities in literature: an original voice. It is his own; which is to say, it is loud, direct, headlong, funny, and arresting. Such spontaneity is not the easiest note for a writer to reach but the hardest." Amen. Amen. □

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FICTION

GETTING BETTER ALL THE TIME

D. Keith Mano

A Choice of Enemies, by George V. Higgins (Knopf, 377 pp., $16.95)

PERSONAL ASIDE first. Brought out my most recent novel in 1982. Well taken critically, but I couldn't have rented a mantra on the sales. It was, I realize, rather too exacting and long for my readership, which sank. So, listen, I'm not proud, I'll write the froth-blower's anthem next, you name it. To that end a friend felt my publisher out: Like, uh, what should Keith write now? And the publisher, quite sincerely, said, "To be commercial Keith should write under a pseudonym now." Eighteen years of fiction and my best bet in 1984 is nonpersonhood. I reference this because the very same prejudice will hold when you travel upwind. A best-selling writer, George V. Higgins for one, can get bottled in bond by his own success. Publishing people would rather drain fluid from their optic-nerve canal than tinker with salable formulae. P. G. Wodehouse is never anyone but P. G. Wodehouse. Yet, since 1974 or so, Higgins has pulled off a remarkable transition: from distinctive realist crime writer to serious, long-reach novelist, still distinctive. And done it the one way it can be done—by gradual increments, deepening and expanding, without any obvious change in style or reader expectation. Or name. It'd be easier to market infant dental floss.

GVH is still, at 95.7 per cent dialogue, the easiest consequential read in America. And no writer seems to be having more fun. It isn't—I am going against the commonplace critical perception here—because GVH has a great ear: uh-uh, he first *creates* that ear in us (by super-plausible contraction,

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

BERNARD MURCHLAND'S new work, *Humanism and Capitalism: A Survey of Thought on Morality and the Economic Order* (American Enterprise Institute, 1150 17th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $4.95), is one of a series of volumes devoted to the reconciliation of capitalism and intellectualism developed by the AEI's Center for Religion, Philosophy, and Public Policy under the general editorship of Michael Novak. As such, it displays both the strengths and the limitations of similar exercises from this and other, related sources.

Murchland begins with the observation that modern, by which he means post-Enlightenment, humanists, whether radicals or conservatives, "have not on the whole been open to the full range of [cultural] experience. They have tended to be narrow, elitist, and abstract, and they are virtually unanimous in their rejection of commercial culture. . . . Often the criticisms are remarkably similar. This is not so strange when we stop to think about it. Conservative humanists and socialists feed on a common stock of premodern values. To that extent, both are reactionary." These pre-modern values have prevented them from recognizing that "capitalism itself is a humanism —in some ways superior to the humanism proclaimed by its self-styled critics; in most ways compatible with their own deepest desires for a better world; and in all ways worthy of their serious attention."

During the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, Murchland says, "two humanisms" were in the process of development, the first utilitarian, the champion of science, democracy, and capitalism; the second "literary-religious," having its roots in Petrarch and Erasmus and continuing through the German idealists to Carlyle, Ruskin, and Arnold. "By one of history's great coincidences, idealism in Germany reached its most intense pitch just as capitalism was enjoying a rapid first growth in England. German philosophy thus provided a ready-made weapon to the English critics of the new economic order"—as well as to the anti-capitalist idealists in America who were shortly to be known as the Transcendentalists, and whose ideas were a logical culmination of the "genteel tradition" that Santayana traced to America's Calvinist beginnings.

The "cultural curve," as Murchland calls it—from Emerson through the New England Genteelists, the New Humanists, and the Agrarians, down to the more fashionable of present-day social critics—has consistently evinced a failure to perceive "the dialectical relationship between the ideal and the real that characterizes an integral humanism"; thus signifying the lingering influence of the genteel tradition upon "modern" intellectuals. And that is a pity, Murchland believes, because the squeamishness that has prevented them from making contact with modern values has also prevented them from effecting a mediation between the real and the ideal, "an important work of integration [that] remains to be done." More immediately, it has prevented them from understanding, as Hume and Montesquieu did, that commerce and civilization are, if not identical, then symbiotic: twin, and twined, expressions of the Dionysian aspect of the human spirit.

SO FAR, so good; and yet not far enough. Reading this and other recent defenses of the capitalist spirit and accomplishment, I am more and more impressed by the datedness of their arguments, as if some time warp separates them from the object of their loyalty, their admiration, and their pleading. The "democratic capitalism" they describe corresponds less to present-day economic and political reality than to the High Bourgeois age of the late nineteenth and early (very early) twentieth centuries, before Capitalism became encumbered and intermixed with Bureaucracy and Technocracy: before the bourgeoisie surrendered to the same tendency to abstraction, the same boredom and impatience with the concrete, that has lamentably plagued intellectuals and artists for two centuries. Between Cornelius Vanderbilt and Caspar Weinberger there exists a gap more unbridgeable than the years, and one that is directly comparable to the gap between the prose of General Grant and that of General Eisenhower. I believe the ethos that most spokesmen for Capitalism continue to defend is already nearly extinct in the Western world. □

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rhythm, colloquialism) and *then* we hear it. This isn't realism. No one talks quite as his people talk. They're all just too witty and never, ever, reticent. If, in fact, lower-middle Americans spoke that way—with baroque metaphor, with intense whimsy—the discourse level would be both vulgar and downright Periclean. All information, personal background, emotion (everything but interior decoration and clothing) is expressed through dialogue. But where, in *Cogan's Trade* (1974), each voice sounded like the same marvelous Boston Glib Person, here you have differentiation, variety, and social ecumenism. GVH may not yet be confident enough of his status as power novelist to write a dull character—but somehow I think you'll forgive that.

A Choice of Enemies has a layered look: not just Coganish lower-middle-class malfeasance. Here GVH is deploying the whole of Massachusetts state government on his scratch pad. Yet corruption has become a pretext by now: it will serve the way Chancery served Dickens in *Bleak House*—as liquid medium for character portrayal, voice contrast, and social comment. Like CD, GVH is finally, explicitly a comic writer. To the novelist, crime can afford inimitable class-crossing entrees. WASP commissioner, Irish contractor, black prosecutor, Hispanic juvenile delinquent: graft is, after all, your most efficient trickler up or down. Nothing, unfortunately (except perhaps some state-of-the-art venereal bleb), can democratize us better.

With a bull-roaring last hurrah, appreciate Bernie Morgan—the drunken, violent, vulgar-droll, wise, corrupt, huge, carefully unscrupulous State Speaker. Irishmen—aware that they could never replace Yankee Protestantism in finance and commerce—did a next best: they made government their closely held kin corporation. (Tip and Ted "socialism" is, I'd suspect, derived from the old habit of perceiving people as employees. Government has become company store.) GVH, a practicing Boston lawyer, can tell you everything about the transfusion of illegal patronage. In fact he can tell you about every *thing*. His descriptions give name to equipment I once thought nameless. A motorcycle face mask is formed of Lexan. Old Coke machines were "drum-model." His detail work is a kind of intimateness and might hold up in court. He knows automotive hardware and Queen Anne furniture the way some old ward-heeler would know his constituency.

A Choice of Enemies at last is a lyrical and, well, touching tribute to corruption in local government. Graft decentralizes, after all. And it is personal, man to man. ("Graft" apparently derives from the agricultural word—you become part of a living political organism.) Before that new mental hospital can be built, the project must appeal to contractor and union hack and village tradesman. Morgan has thrived by playing human self-interest as though it were a pork barrel organ. Unlike, and much preferable to, our federal-level manipulators, the technocratic, ideological elite: they'll *tell* you what your self-interest should be and then impose it. Let someone corrupt my wallet rather than my sensibility. Greed and guilt, even more than steel mills, should never be nationalized.

But I'll try some bossism here and appeal to your pleasure principle. Read *A Choice of Enemies*. GVH has been getting better all the time—in an art form where change, let alone growth, can ruin you. □

TRAVEL

SAILING HIGH IN THE SKY

Priscilla L. Buckley

NEARLY TWO HUNDRED years ago the great Scottish engineer Thomas Telford undertook to solve what seemed an insuperable problem: how to carry a canal from the Horseshoe Falls north of Llangollen in the Welsh hills across a deep gorge in the valley of the River Dee to join up with a system of canals that would bring millions of gallons of mountain water to the city of Chester and environs. This was the great period of canal building in England. It took Telford ten years, but in 1805, while the trumpets trumpeted and the drummers drummed, the Pontcysyllte span was opened. Narrow arches of stone soar 120 feet up from the valley floor to support a masonry cradle. In it rests a cast-iron trough through which the barges would float, and a wide towpath for the horses and mules that would pull them.

Today we will cross the aqueduct on two narrow boats, *Castle* and *Rose*. The *Castle* and *Rose*, which cruise in tandem, are each fifty feet long, six feet two inches wide. The locks on the Llangollen Canal are seven feet wide.

It's the big moment. Our forward patrol (Helen) makes sure the way is clear. (The first boat to enter the aqueduct has the right of way.) The passengers—my sister Jane, my brother Jim and his wife, Ann, and George and Jodie Stone (the Stones, with a combined height of 12 feet four inches, since we're being technical, give stature to our travel ventures)—sit atop the *Rose*, our feet dangling over the side. Kirk edges onto the aqueduct. There's no balustrade on our side, only on the other side, the towpath side, so we are looking down 130 feet to the valley floor, a heady if not totally enjoyable sensation. As a man, we edge back a little. Way down there, a young man is practicing golf shots, but we are too high, too far away to comment on his form. Upriver the waters speckle white as the river dashes across the rocks between the lush, narrow banks. We glide along smoothly, marveling at Telford's genius. It's unreal, hard to explain. Sir Walter Scott once gazed up at Pontcysyllte and called it the greatest work of art he had ever seen. C. T. Rolte writes in *The Inland Waterways of England* (don't leave for a barge trip without it) that Telford's "soaring bridge is to other aqueducts as a Gothic cathedral is to a Norman church." A man walking along the towpath brings us back to earth: "Are you enjoying your peanut butter?" he asks. "Yes," we reply laughing. Our request for peanut butter at breakfast has evidently caused a flutter in the small world that is the canal.

It is because of the Pontcysyllte aqueduct that we are in Wales. The Stones, the Jim Buckleys, Jane, and I had met up yesterday at Llangollen—an ancient Welsh town built on either side of a rushing river spanned by a fourteenth-century bridge. The *Rose*, the butty-boat, which has no engine and is pulled by the *Castle*, has the guest accommodations: six tiny cabins, four singles and two doubles, plus a toilet and a shower. We have taken the lot at a cost of approximately $370 per person. The *Castle* has the crew's quarters, a toilet, a tight little saloon, and a dining room with two tables, each seating four. The crew is young,

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fun, and competent: Kirk and Katherine Martin and the affable Helen, who serves as stewardess, extra deckhand, and opener and closer of locks and lift bridges. We settle in. Jodie and I get the double cabins. We also get everyone's empty suitcases on our empty bunks. When I stand in front of my washbasin I can reach anything in the room without moving my feet. It is well designed, snug and comfortable.

The day starts with a knock at the door that heralds a smiling Katherine with our early-morning coffee or tea. This will hold us until breakfast: cold cereal and fruit, juice, hot toast, and great plates of ham, eggs, and stewed tomatoes. Our week's trip will take us along the Llangollen and Shropshire Union Canals from Llangollen to Chester, sixty to seventy miles by water. By car, it's a forty-minute drive.

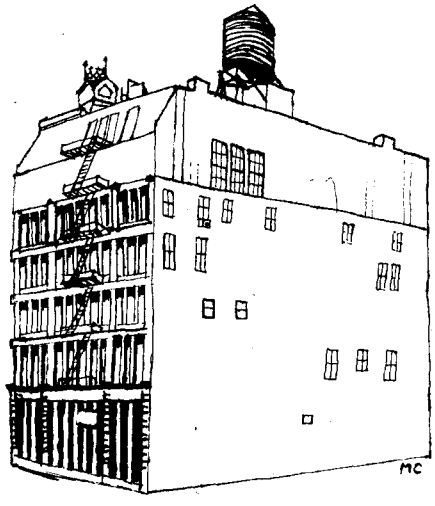
Kirk casts off and we glide out of town and into a leafy everglade, all sounds muted, the leaves so heavy overhead we'll have to use our flashes to take pictures. Then the trees thin out. We are gliding along a mountain hillside, well above the valley floor, with sheer limestone cliffs to our left. Sheep graze down to the canal's edge. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries mules and horses pulled heavy barges laden with Welsh slate and coal along this waterway. At a lock we step ashore and walk ahead for a mile or two. It's late afternoon when we put up at Marton's Lock, not far from Mad Jack's pub, and George, our iceman, tucks the small white ice bucket we found in the saloon under his arm and heads for Mad Jack's. He returns mad. Jack's will not open until 6:30, forcing a postponement of our cocktail hour. Mad Jack's is George's retreat from Moscow, his only defeat in his 1983 Ice Campaign.

It's just before 7 A.M. and the sun is streaming through my cabin window when I wake up the next morning. A cock is crowing, a mule brays. The last sound I heard before going to sleep was an owl's hoot. Kirk brings in the eggs he's just bought from a farmer. They're big and small, white, brown, and speckled, just as they used to be when they came from the nest, not the box.

Today's is a long run through rolling farmlands, sparsely populated, but with big herds of cattle and sheep and copses of pines. At one farm, a sheepdog keeps anxious watch, dogging the strays back into line. We stop at White Mere for lunch—an enchanted lake, left behind when the last Ice Age retreated twenty thousand years ago. It has no surface entrance or exit waters. It's calm, remote. We watch ducks and grebes at play. Jim, our ornithologist, tells us that it is believed that a grebe's eyesight is so sharp that it can see a gun firing and move out of the way of the shot. Jim, our lawyer, adds that he can't confirm the accuracy of that statement.

Now the country changes dramatically. We are traversing the Whixall Moss, a boggy area of grey, brown, and black peat and swamp. There is so little bottom to it that to build this stretch of canal they had first to fill it in, then dig the channel through the fill. The canal runs straight for miles, under old stone bridges and an occasional lift bridge. Once Katherine, at the tiller, warns Jodie that the three books she left piled on the top of the barge, where we sit and read and sun in the mornings, may be swept off by a low bridge. Kirk runs ahead, pulls a chain at a lift bridge to get it moving, then puts his weight on the balance beam, and the roadway lifts slowly up to permit us to pass. (Be sure to lower the bridge and leave it the way you found it! every canal book exhorts you.) A pair of swans and five grey cygnets, the first sign of life in this desolate stretch, swim up and look us over.

From time to time we walk along the towpath, lending a hand with the opening and closing of the gates. At Grindley Brook Lock, a three-chambered staircase lock—where the bottom gate of one lock serves as top gate of the next—we help Helen pull the butty-boat from chamber to chamber. We will have dropped down forty feet when we are through.



En route to Nantwich, which will be our penultimate stop, we traverse a countryside thick with pine forests and clusters of oak. A beefy-faced fellow on a pleasure boat draws along as we are sunning on the roof and comments: "Oh, I say there. She's a beauty. She's just lovely," looking at the bright blue, yellow, and black hundred-foot length of our combined barges, the helms striped horizontally in bright red, blue, green, yellow, and white, their brass handles shining. The petunias make a brave show among the fresh mint in the flower boxes topside. We agree, with embarrassed pride, as if the *Rose* and *Castle* were ours, as indeed, for this week, they are. This week we are the *QE II*, the *Normandie*, *United States*, and *France* of the Llangollen and Shropshire Union Canals, the only two-boat hotel barges plying these waters.

Nantwich is off the main route, but so of course is this entire trip. That's its charm. It's a wonderful, relatively untouched town whose people are very proud of its picture-postcard half-timbered houses, tilting drunkenly to left, to right, and over the street. In the square in front of the church a red and white sign apologizes for the inconvenience caused by the city's "re-pedestrianization" program, which will turn old Nantwich into a pedestrian mall. On the outskirts of the town we visit Churche's Mansion, built by Richard Churche in 1577, "in the reign of our Good Queen Elizabeth." Squire Churche left a record of his work, which the hostess shows us as we take our coffee. We learn that the staircase has been "discreetly placed" because the servants will be carrying "night-soil" and fuel for the fireplaces up and down it. The large and airy third floor is reserved for those who "by their age or infirmities, the young and the very old, are of little service" to the household.

We board the narrow boats for our last stretch of canal. Later in the afternoon we pull up alongside the walls of Chester and moor under King Charles's Tower, so named because it was from its window that Charles I saw his Cavaliers break for the last time before Oliver Cromwell's Roundheads. They were never to make an-

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other stand: From King Charles's Tower to the scaffold was now but a matter of time. We walk the walls of the city that night, stop at a pub for a final beer, and in the morning say goodbye to the good companions of the last six days, Kirk, Katherine, and Helen.

Would we do it again? Absolutely. But in reverse next time, starting from Chester and the Shropshire lowlands and spending the rest of the week ascending into the Welsh hills, which are of a singular beauty, with the crossing of Pontcysyllte the final, soaring highlight. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Vision Glorious: Themes and Personalities of the Catholic Revival in Anglicanism, by Geoffrey Rowell (Oxford, 271 pp., $24.95)

WAYWARD BISHOPS bent on modernizing the Church under the banner of relevancy might well ponder the intensity of worldwide response last year to the anniversary observances of a sermon given by the Reverend John Keble in Oxford 150 years before. The sermon, preached in July 1833, sparked the Tractarian phenomenon, which came to be known as the Oxford Movement (the *real* Oxford Movement, not the show-and-tell Buchmanism that later copped the name). The movement brought about a remarkable resurgence of traditionalism, and re-identified the Anglican Communion with its Catholic beginnings. The sesquicentennial observances last year were worldwide, though the center of it all was Oxford, with a week-long program of lectures, music, and memorial services, culminating in a mammoth outdoor Mass for five thousand, celebrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the University Parks. The activities in Oxford itself were coordinated by the Reverend Dr. Geoffrey Rowell, chaplain of Keble College, who was also requested by the Oxford University Press to write this book. In it he traces the lives and developing thought of the major Tractarians—Keble, John Henry (later Cardinal) Newman, Edward Pusey, John Mason Neale, and Edward King—as well as some of the lesser-known contributors to the body of Tractarian thought. The stories are told in an interlocking narrative of biographies and philosophies, in a flowing and lucid style free of ecclesiastical jargon and laced with subtle humor. The message of the Tractarians, Dr. Rowell summarizes, is "the Church as a divine society . . . a shared faith, in continuity with the faith of the early centuries, and of the saints of God down the ages . . ." H. N. KELLEY

A Year at the Met, by Patrick J. Smith (Knopf, 227 pp., $15.95)

PATRICK J. SMITH, author of *The Tenth Muse: A Historical Study of the Opera Libretto*, now brings us an equally accomplished portrait of the Metropolitan Opera's 1981-82 season. "I decided to write this book," Mr. Smith explains, "because I wanted to study the way a repertory house functions." His very neat order of service is openly borrowed from William Goldman's *The Season*: Each week of the season receives a chapter of its own, each chapter focuses on a single production, and each production is used as a springboard for discussion of a single topic—things like fundraising, comprimario singers, opera in translation. Mr. Smith's poker-faced style is worlds away from the vulgar, exasperating gusto of Mr. Goldman's to-hell-with-everybody study of Broadway; he prefers to stick to a coolly informed critical appraisal of hard facts. ("The influence of Toscanini's recordings of opera has been, in this regard, pervasive . . . their consciously applied unity of concept has pointed the way for many recorded performances of opera since then.") So *A Year at the Met* is not for the anecdote hound; anyone, however, who is seriously interested in the inner workings of this country's largest opera house will find it immensely intelligent and wholly satisfying. TERRY TEACHOUT

Intrepid's Last Case, by William Stevenson (Villard, 321 pp., $16.95)

"INTREPID" is Sir William Stephenson, the "blazing-eyed" little Canadian who directed Britain's intelligence operations in North America during World War II (and was the subject of the same author's *A Man Called Intrepid* in 1977). His "last case" is that of Igor Gouzenko, the Soviet cipher clerk who, by defecting from the Soviets' Ottawa embassy to Canadian authorities, became the "pivot for a cluster of events from September 1945 to his death in 1982, and beyond." The episode helped inaugurate the cold war, and its eventual repercussions have served to disclose some of the scope and depth of the Soviet "disinformation" system. This, says the author, citing Lenin, is "the art of chiaroscuro, the arrangement of light and dark to deceive the people . . . into believing black was white." The overall goal of chiaroscuro is to plant a generalized distrust of one another among Western intelligence agencies. It is, Stevenson affirms, succeeding too well. Such a scenario has been spun out before, but rarely has it been tied into the Gouzenko case in such plausible and detailed fashion. We learn that Canada, especially its passport-control bureau, became at one point little more than a KGB listening post. Prime Minister King is rated as a dangerous ass (though J. Edgar Hoover, refreshingly enough, emerges as a soundly skeptical security chief; so does James Angleton, over at the CIA). And the Dominion's leadership, alas, was not alone in its almost fevered desire to placate Stalin. Mr. Stevenson's stage is not confined to the Forties, however: This horror story is a cautionary tale brought up to the present. The author provides no illustrations or bibliography, and some of his pronouncements cry out for documentation. He writes well, however, and the result should please his subject, still a dogged advocate of "the deterrent of publicity," professionally wired into world affairs at his Bermuda home. It would be a pity if the central message of his "last case" was not taken seriously by its intended audience.

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REAGAN'S RIGHT, BUT—

NEW YORK, APRIL 20

When President Reagan said that Congress is in a position to undermine foreign-policy decisions taken by the Executive he was, quite simply, correct. There is hardly any point in arguing about this (though arguments will rage). But the difficulty here is not easily remedied. It is in part a deficiency—perhaps "exposure" is the safer word—of the Constitution.

Look back on Vietnam, and recall the memoirs of Richard Nixon or Henry Kissinger, and then ask yourself the question: Was it possible for the United States to achieve its objectives in Vietnam other than by destroying all of North Vietnam early on? We traveled in nine years from the Tonkin Gulf Resolution, which conferred on President Johnson the blessings of the Senate to proceed more or less as, acting as Commander-in-Chief, he saw fit in order to contain the Communist aggression against South Vietnam—to the Executive castration acts of 1973, most prominently the War Powers Act, which crippled the President in any realistic attempt to achieve that objective. Critics of the Vietnam War will hail the evolution of congressional sentiment from hawk to dove, and compliment the constitutional instrument that permitted Congress to harness the Executive. That is one way to look at it.

The other way to look at it is that the failure to achieve the objective in South Vietnam was the result of criticism subversive in effect. Henry Kissinger dramatically points out that there were more than one dozen stages in our dealings with Vietnam in which the United States, in deference to domestic criticism, made the concession being pressed on us—only to find that pressure to cave in on the ensuing concession materialized as though the initial concession hadn't been made. That is a sure—very slow, but very sure—road to the defeat of policy objectives even though, when they are enunciated, they are deemed all but universally agreeable.

Consider the matter of the President's Commission on Central America. The President appoints a commission, under the guidance of Henry Kissinger, that includes such Democratic luminaries as Robert Strauss and Lane Kirkland, and a Latin American scholar from Yale and the mayor of San Antonio, Texas, to name only the most prominent. Six months later they all sign a document urging a course of action insignificantly different from what Mr. Reagan was engaged in doing. But eight men running for the Democratic nomination decline to endorse that commission's findings. With the result that for all intents and purposes, they are written with invisible ink. One can understand Reagan's saying: Let us debate a policy, then embark on a policy, with due regard for the responsibilities of the Executive and of the legislature; and let us then proceed on the understanding that the decision has been made.

Reagan is thinking as a public policymaker would think about a law. Argue, then enact or fail to enact a law, but when it is enacted, obey it unless you get around to repealing it. In the case of foreign policy, repeals are usually done, where issues are important, by renewing or not renewing presidential mandates. So it went for Wilson's League of Nations, as for Carter's SALT II.

Reagan's problem is that although the Constitution gives him primary responsibility for foreign policy, it does not guarantee him a subservient Senate. A further problem is a creeping isolationism fanned by the lure of personal publicity. Gary Hart seems to be saying that he would not, as President, commit American troops to protect anything other than our territorial mainland. And Gary Hart, by all the evidence, is a very strong contender to emerge as the presidential nominee of the Democratic Party. Mr. Reagan is saying that our ambivalence on the matter of freedom in El Salvador, and freedom in Nicaragua, has the effect of vitiating policy decisions made in the area. He says as much about our inconclusive involvement in Lebanon.

He is absolutely correct, one repeats. But being absolutely correct as a diagnostician does not solve our problem. It is that there simply isn't a consensus in America on what constitutes responsible behavior in an unfriendly world. That degeneration is incarnated in Tip O'Neill, who speaks of Reagan in accents of disparagement he would hesitate to use against the leader of the Soviet Union. So that Reagan's problems are, in every sense, the problems of a disunited America. □

A MESS IN NICARAGUA

NEW YORK, APRIL 11

As these words are written, officials from Executive agencies will be appearing before a Senate committee, and then a House committee, in closed session, there to answer questions concerning Nicaragua. Not easy, because what the Administration is up to in Nicaragua is both confused and confusing, and very very messy.

The general situation is as follows. The bad guys (the Soviet Union and Cuba, primarily) are continuing to send in arms shipments to Nicaragua to be used for two purposes, both deplorable. On the one hand, as the totalitarianization of Nicaragua continues, more arms are needed to keep Nicaraguans docile. There are two species of Nicaraguan dissidents: those actively engaged as guerrillas seeking to overthrow the despotic successors to the despot Somoza; and inactive Nicaraguans who nevertheless look for opportunities to assert themselves. To cope with the former you need things like tanks and machine guns. To cope with the latter you need things like rifles and hangman's nooses.

The other major enterprise of the Sandinista government in Nicaragua is expansionist Communism. Just as Cuba receives arms from the Soviet Union and exports them to Nicaragua, so Nicaragua receives arms and exports them to the rebels in El Salvador. United States policy, in respect of what is going on, seeks to be compre-

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hensive. We would like to see the Communization of Nicaragua by Nicaraguans ended; as also the Communist-led guerrilla movement against El Salvador.

So how have we gone about interdicting the flow of arms into Nicaragua? Apparently by mining Nicaraguan harbors. The idea is to discourage ships coming into Puerto Corinto and Puerto Sandino on the Pacific Ocean, and into El Bluff on the Atlantic side. The resulting attrition would have two effects: denying arms to the Sandinistas, and precipitating an economic crisis of a kind that would destabilize the government.

Enter the World Court controversy. The Nicaraguans take the position that they can appeal to the International Court of Justice in The Hague to denounce U.S. interference with Nicaraguan ports. We take the position that it is up to us to decide whether to accept jurisdiction by the World Court. The Connally Reservation, remember, gives us the right in domestic affairs to grant or not to grant jurisdiction to the World Court. Whether it gives us the identical right in affairs involving other countries is the subject currently in dispute. Nicaragua has hired itself some fancy lawyers, including Abram Chayes of Harvard, to contend that the U.S. has no such right.

Meanwhile, the United States is being denounced on a number of fronts as engaged in terrorist activities (mining harbors) of the kind we criticize when done by others.

Running one's fingers lightly over the profile of the Administration's case leaves one utterly lacking in enthusiasm for it. On the one hand the objectives are thoroughly desirable. But the means by which we seek to realize these objectives are both questionable as means, and problematic as instruments for the effectuation of the ends desired. It is true that we caused one refinery in Nicaragua to shut down for a while because oil wasn't getting through. But the likelihood that we can cause the Sandinista government of Nicaragua to come to its knees by mining its harbors is slight. And meanwhile, by engaging in what began as covert activity on so melodramatic a scale, we outrage people we really do care about, for instance, our European allies.

Now all of this is being done to avoid the obvious alternative, which is to quarantine Nicaragua selectively. That alternative has no doubt been considered and rejected. It would involve using the American Navy to detain ships headed for Nicaraguan ports, examining the contents of those ships, and letting them pass or not pass depending on whether they carried bombs or bananas. Granted, if we permitted all economic traffic to get through—for instance, oil—there would be no prospect of crippling Nicaragua economically. All we would stop is the flow of arms. We would need to supplement that naval blockade by an aerial blockade. Which reminds one that so far we have not trained anti-aircraft ordnance to shoot down planes headed for Nicaragua. That would be the aerial equivalent of mining Nicaraguan harbors.

Nasty business. But far better, surely, publicly to order the Navy to do its business discriminatingly, than covertly to order the CIA to do its business wantonly. And the overarching danger is that the Administration, by such actions, might forfeit general American support for resistance in Central America to Communist aggression. □

VIEW IT AND WEEP

NEW YORK, APRIL 9

IT IS always better to quote one of them rather than one of us when what you are quoting exactly corresponds to what you believe. And so, on the primary: "The Democratic New York performance was not only a disgrace but an insult to the voters, and even worse, an embarrassment to the democratic process." /s/ James Reston.

The only heartening feature of the mess in New York was Jesse Jackson's strong showing. Not that a strong showing by Jackson is itself encouraging, quite the contrary: It is discouraging when people vote purely out of ethnic bias. What was good was that he did well notwithstanding that he did not spend ten cents on television or radio commercials. The cult of commercials, what one might call the David Garth Primary Adventists, suffered a great shock. It was as if doctors advised that all vitamins were redundant, and the whole world could stop buying vitamin pills. Don't worry about a million dollars' worth of television ads: Dan Rather, Tom Brokaw, and the other guy will look after you.

Beyond that, James Reston is right about what it was the candidates fought over. If you leave out the question where our embassy in Israel ought to be, I give the prize to Walter Mondale, uttered at his victory celebration. This election, he said, is "about the insanity of the nuclear arms race." If you will focus on the meaning of that statement, which is the highest concentrate of Democratic cant during this electoral season, you will share Mr. Reston's lament.

To say that the American election is about the insanity of the arms race is on the order of saying that the American Cancer Society's activities are insane. Why are they insane? Because we are spending annually more than a billion dollars on cancer, even though more than 400,000 people die every year from cancer. Walter Mondale makes it sound as though the Surgeon General of the United States had been delinquent as follows: He should meet with the Chief Cancer Gene and say: Look. Let's be sensible about this ridiculous business. If you agree to reduce by 10 per cent the number of people you will kill next year by cancer, my administration will agree to reduce by 10 per cent the amount we spend on cancer research. And in year two, we will continue, pari passu: 10 per cent fewer deaths, 10 per cent less research. And then (flash the famous Mondale smile!) in ten years cancer will have been abolished from the face of the earth, and money that is now spent on cancer research can go to buying more food stamps and more education.

The arms race is of course insane, but the only cockpit from which its insanity is clearly visible is God's, and outside that cockpit there are No Trespassing signs. It is absolutely insane to spend as much money as the United States and the Soviet Union are spending on nuclear weapons. But you see, Americans have not been given a vote that binds Soviet rulers. If Americans, by voting for Mondale, could reduce the firepower of the Soviet Union to negligibility, a vote against Mondale would be as fatuous as a vote for him is under the circumstances. Anybody who says the arms race is insane, intending by that to say that United States participation in the arms race is insane, either is intellectually incompetent, or else is saying that the United States should not be spending 6 per cent of its gross national product to defend itself against the largest weapon system in the world, governed by the most predatory government in the history of the world. If people understood him to be saying exactly that, he would get the vote of George Kennan, Jonathan Schell, Jane Fonda, and a few Quakers.

ONCE UPON a time—it was long, long ago—active American politicians dreamed of a rollback. But that was another generation. In those days, great big politicians voted for world wars rather than let Hitler take over Poland. Very briefly, after the Second World War, under the inertia of that kind of Wilsonian concern for our neighbors, we said and did the same kind of thing. John Foster Dulles occasionally permitted himself to dream about the liberation of Eastern Europe.

But we have managed simultaneously to renounce forever any hope of freedom for the Communist satellite states (we made that clear in 1956, the year of Hungary; and in 1968, the year of Czechoslovakia; and in 1981, the year of Poland) and feel good about it (it is easier to worry about freedom in El Salvador). Moreover, we have managed to make ourselves feel very good about the prospect of perpetual tyranny as a substitute for involvement in mankind. So let's not break that spell by inviting analysis. Analysis would ruin not only our self-respect, but Walter Mondale's candidacy. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A small burning or itching swelling on the skin — 106 82 134 18 137

B. The Ettrick Shepherd — 12 120 90 115

C. Conjectured — 16 23 48 11 2 55 85 30

D. To beat as if with a flail — 21 128 19 136 62 131

E. Frugality — 36 104 89 69 43 3

F. Encountered at a bad time — 42 64 94 40 24 76

G. One of God's Frozen People — 74 93 20 33 50 102

H. FROG OR DEAN (anagram) (2 words) — 78 58 63 31 46 88 110 133 124 8

I. A farm boy who gets the ground ready for planting — 28 32 39 1 119 51 73

J. Neglecting — 91 66 22 112 130 114 121 44

K. The name of eight Kings of England — 97 49 5 13 26 92

L. A part of a year — 123 95 14 83 4

M. A type of knot — 138 96 109 7 77 27 68 15

N. Of recent origin — 53 122 139

O. A town near Wilkes-Barre, Pa. — 6 25 35 41 65 126

P. The seventh day of the week — 61 99 125 135 132 107 84

Q. Of the greatest or highest degree — 80 117 17 105 45 127

R. Close to — 67 9 34 71

S. A type of golf hole — 86 79 56 100 111 70

T. A pronoun — 98 72 101 87 113 37

U. Inflammation of a joint — 118 38 75 108 52 29 57 59 103

V. To illuminate — 47 54 81 116 60 129 10

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

				1 I	2 C	3 E	4 L		5 K	6 O	7 M	8 H	9 R	10 V
11 C		12 B	13 K	14 L	15 M		16 C		17 Q	18 A	19 D	20 G		21 D
22 J	23 C	24 F	25 O		26 K	27 M	28 I	29 U	30 C		31 H	32 I	33 G	34 R
35 O	36 E		37 T	38 U	39 I	40 F		41 O	42 F	43 E	44 J	45 Q		46 H
47 V	48 C	49 K		50 G	51 I	52 U	53 N	54 V	55 C	56 S		57 U	58 H	
59 U	60 V	61 P		62 D	63 H	64 F	65 O	66 J	67 R		68 M	69 E	70 S	71 R
72 T		73 I	74 G	75 U		76 F	77 M	78 H	79 S	80 Q	81 V	82 A		83 L
84 P	85 C		86 S	87 T	88 H	89 E		90 B	91 J	92 K	93 G		94 F	95 L
96 M	97 K		98 T		99 P	100S	101T	102G		103U	104E	105Q	106A	
107P	108U	109M	110H	111S	112J		113T	114J	115B	116V	117Q		118U	119I
120B	121J	122N		123L	124H		125P	126Q		127Q	128D	129V		130J
131D	132P	133H	134A		135P	136D	137A	138M	139N					

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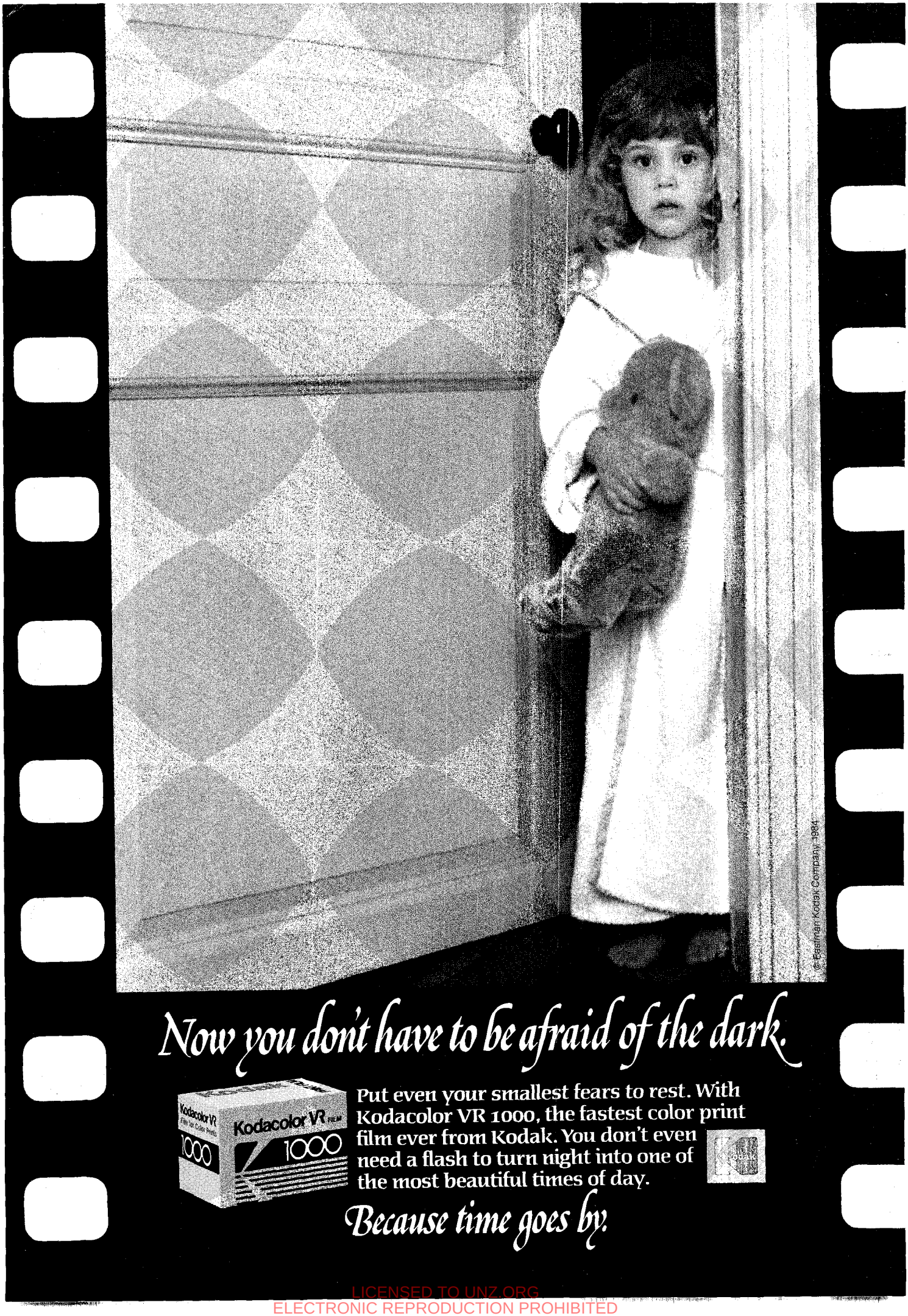

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